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# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**



**French Fashions,  
page 11**



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# The Beautiful Constituent

By . . .

**ROBERT  
CARSON**

with their aggravated repressions and automatic reaction to pseudo-social stimuli—  
"Shut up and get on!" Lily said.

The dance was very gay. Lily ate her buffet supper with Francis and a fat girl with a high forehead. The fat girl was named Lance, for reasons best known to her family, and intended to specialise in child psychology.

Her conversational exchanges with Francis had the effect of morphia on Lily.

"You're rather out of touch with this crowd now, you know," Francis told her kindly. He turned to Lance. "Note a familiar and interesting pattern of one returning to an environment that no longer seems to suit."

"Rebellion," Lance said, "followed by confusion, moderate despair—"  
"And finally rationalisation and acceptance," Francis said.

"Right," Lance said. "Perhaps even delusive optimism."

"After rationalisation," Francis said.

"Right," Lance said.

"If some men come in here in white coats," Lily said, "don't get scared. They'll only be waiters."

She deposited her plate on the counter and strolled outside.

At the end of the terrace, a big young man was holding a group spellbound. For want of something better to do, Lily edged into the throng. The subject under discussion was world affairs.

Lily realised this must be Representative Handley.

"Furthermore," stated Representative Handley, "it is my firm conviction that we have made world-wide commitments which cannot be abrogated without the loss of a vital force—"

He broke off suddenly. Lily had caught his eye. She decided he was more interesting to the eye than the ear, and moved off before he could start talking again.

"Mr. Handley," a citizen said, "I feel we are in complete agreement with you. Your statements are irrefutable."

"Then we have no reason to continue the discussion, gentlemen," Representative Handley said, and laughed falsely. "Will you excuse me for a moment?"

Lily was heading for an empty bench. Limping slightly, Representative Handley caught up to her. "I beg your pardon," he said. "Are you a citizen?"

"Absolutely," Lily said.

**"Don't bother  
with Francis,  
he hasn't a  
vote," Lily  
said.**

Representative Handley extended his hand. "May I introduce myself? I'm Representative George Handley, of the Sixteenth District."

"Lily Madison," Lily said, and shook hands with him.

"Voter in the Sixteenth District."

"I am delighted to meet you," Representative Handley said very sincerely. "Shall we sit down here? I'd like to outline my voting record on important issues for you."

"You're awfully kind, but I'm pretty busy right now."

The congressman's countenance fell. "Oh, I see. Some young man is waiting for you?"  
"Nobody is waiting for me," Lily said.

"Then perhaps I may continue," Representative Handley said. "Only a free and open discussion of the issues confronting us . . ."  
Did you say no one was waiting for you?"

"That's right."

"Am I correct in supposing you came to this dance alone?"

"My brother brought me," Lily said.

"Well, well," Representative Handley said, "how about our dancing?"

The next thing she knew, she was in the arms of her congressman. His slightly game leg was no handicap on the floor, and Lily felt quite happy.

**J**UST home after graduating brilliantly from college, Lily Madison was escorted to the Country Club dance by her brother Francis.

Lily was twenty-two, with blue eyes and taffy-colored hair. Francis' primary interest was psychology, and he intended to major in that subject in the college where he was currently a freshman.

In addition to having a good grasp on everything, he understood women.

Before they left the house, they said good-bye to the rest of the family. Their sister Dorothy, a sub-sub-deb of twelve, had a cold and was running a slight temperature. Mr. and Mrs. Madison were remaining home to see that Dorothy stayed in bed.

"Mother," Lily said, "does this dress wrinkle around the waist?"

"No, dear, it's perfect," Mrs. Madison eyed her thoughtfully. "I do wish you had a beau."

"I do, too," Francis said. "Having to cart my sister around all the time is spoiling it for me with the younger women."

"I've been too busy studying to think of a beau," Lily declared. "But cheer up. I may meet someone at the club. Has anybody heard of any nice new men in town?"

"I understand Congressman Handley will be at the dance tonight," Mr. Madison said. "meeting his constituents. He's just back from Washington, and you might find him interesting."

"A congressman?" Lily said.  
"A young congressman," Mr. Madison told her. "Young and unmarried. Doesn't look bad, either. He was the boy wounded on Leyte, who entered the primaries while he was still in the hospital. We all backed him because of his fine record. He's done very well. Great attention to duty, an iron will, and an absolutely unimpeachable character."

"Well, I've met a lot of characters in my time," Lily said. "Why not an unimpeachable one?"

"Farewell, all," Francis said. "You bore me." He went out.

Lily followed him to his aged heap, which had a neat sign on the right-hand door reading "Women-Haters." The engine was already running deafeningly.

"To-night," Francis yelled, "we shall observe the 'petite bourgeoisie' of a typical Mid-western metropolis disporting themselves. To the untrained eye, such as yours, it will merely be another dance, but I am looking forward to a veritable psychological clambake. These people,

The Australian Women's Weekly,  
July 19, 1948

*Leonard Jones from 1948*

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Page 3



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# The Beautiful Constituent

Continued from page 3

ONCE she saw Francis and Lance sitting on a couch near the doorway, both poker-faced, and plainly studying her and Representative Handley and the petite bourgeois.

Lily remembered their analysis of her. It seemed to be operating right on schedule. Scarcely slowing up for the crossings, she had left rebellion far behind and was now in the suburbs of confusion.

After the dancing was over, Representative Handley met more of his supporters. Lily met them with him, because he kept a firm grip on her arm and she had no choice. "May I take you home?" he asked her then.

"It is so moved and carried," Lily said. "Wait here while I tell my brother."

Francis was still with Lance, and they were getting ready to go. Lily interrupted a hot exchange of psychological terms.

"Pardon me," Lily said. "I hope I'm not treading on anybody's unconscious. Listen, Francis, I'm going home with Representative Handley."

"Thank heavens," Francis said. "His home?"

"Ours home, you jerk." Francis cocked an eyebrow at Lance. "I direct your attention to her instinctive disclosure. Though she doesn't yet know it, she'd like to go home with him . . . to his house."

"Very obvious," Lance said. "A common example," Francis said, "of that oddity of our civilisation, love at first sight. Unstable psychologically, powerful delusive tendencies."

"Strong motives of wish fulfilment," Lance said, "and—"

"If you'll forgive me," Lily said, "I'll hop on my cycle and pedal off. Good night, folks."

Representative Handley had a drive-it-yourself car and used it gingerly and slowly. He got lost a couple of times, and Lily had to direct him. Neither of them minded the long way around.

When they reached her house and parked, Representative Handley drummed the tips of his fingers on the steering wheel and cleared his throat once or twice.

"The gentleman from the Sixteenth District may address the chair," Lily said, to encourage him. "I was thinking—" Representative Handley said. "I was thinking you are the most beautiful constituent I have."

"I bet you say that to all the women voters."

"No, I don't."

"Well," Lily said, "I think your method of getting adherents is wonderful. I'm sorry I haven't a baby for you to kiss."

"I'd much rather kiss you, baby," Representative Handley said.

Taking her competently into his arms, he proceeded to do so. Then came a knock on the kerb-side door.

Francis was waiting upon them. He wore an air of weary comprehension and a sardonic smile.

"I trust I am not intruding," he said. "Lily, father says you have to come inside. You can bring the Honorable George Handley with you if you want, but you have to come in."

"I shall be delighted to meet your family," Representative Handley told Lily. "They're kind to invite me."

Somewhat flushed, Lily led the way. Representative Handley turned with perfect courtesy to Francis and said, "I don't believe we have met."

"I'm Lily's brother, Francis," Francis replied.

"It's an honor and a privilege to make your acquaintance, Mr. Madison."

"Don't bother with him," Lily said as they entered the hall. "He hasn't got a vote."

"Mr. Handley's motives are quite evident to me," Francis said. "I assure you I am amused by them."

The remainder of the evening was successful for everyone except Lily. She had intended to dominate the situation, but the family cut her out. Mrs. Madison liked Representative Handley, Francis was interested in drawing him out for the purposes of psychological research, and Mr. Madison found a great deal to discuss with him.

Lily finally went out to the kitchen to prepare ice-cream and cake and coffee.

Representative Handley ate with zest, talked fluently, and stayed late. When he at last rose, the family was completely on his side. Melting away with commendable foresight, they let Lily escort him to the door. Representative Handley turned off the porch light.

"I want one more glimpse of your hair in the moonlight," he said. "Lily, may I kiss you good night?"

"Certainly," Lily said. "Otherwise my father would have seen you off."

He kissed her on the lips, and Lily was convinced this wasn't merely the primaries. She recalled fleetingly her brother's remarks on love at first sight. Well, so she was unstable, had delusions and motives of wish fulfilment and a fetish or two; the gentleman from the Sixteenth District was dynamite.

"My dear," Representative Handley said, "in a few days I have to return to the nation's capital. We haven't long. Although as a rule I disapprove of snap decisions, in this case we can certainly justify the use of unprecedented measures. It's an emergency."

"It definitely is," Lily said.

"Wherefore," Representative Handley said, "giving due consideration to the aforesaid unusual conditions, I have no qualms in saying that I am nuts about you and—"

"Let's not rush into anything," Lily said nervously. "Let's wait a day or two and make sure."



"I traded my girl!"

And so they parted, in high hopes and with confidence, and Lily made her decision before she went to sleep. Representative Handley was elected by an overwhelming majority.

Later on, she dreamed that she was in the White House, presiding over a reception, and it was no surprise when the President came in and turned out to be Representative Handley. He looked careworn and complained about Congress, but she enjoyed the dream.

The next evening he was invited to dinner, on the advice of Lily's mother. Curiously enough, Representative Handley arrived looking as careworn as in the dream. He was charming and polite, but his bounce was gone. Lily attributed it to the exigencies of politics, and realised he needed a wife to protect him.

He met her sister Dorothy for the first time, treated her with the grave consideration he would have given a constituent, and won the child over completely. Everything went well until Lily saw him to the door at eleven-thirty.

"The porch light is on," she said. "Yes, yes," Representative Handley said. He made a motion towards the switch, and then withdrew his hand. A pause ensued.

"Well, good night," Lily said.

"Good night," Representative Handley said, and gulped dryly. "Lily, will you come to the Civic Auditorium to-morrow night? I'll be speaking on certain phases of our occupation administration."

"Of course," Lily frowned. "George, is something biting you?"

"Me?" Representative Handley said. "Oh, no. Don't give it a thought. I'll take you home after the speech. Good night, dear."

He kissed her on the forehead, turned away clumsily, and went off into the darkness. Lily frowned more deeply. She did not dream of the White House that night.

The following evening Mr. Madison gave her a copy of the "Daily Intelligencer." On the front page was a piece about Representative Handley.

"George has been offered the chairmanship of a non-partisan Congressional committee, which is to visit occupied Europe," Mr. Madison said. "That's a pretty big honor. The boy is coming along."

"But not nearly fast enough," Lily said, and read the paper rather distractedly.

Lily thought Representative Handley spoke very well at the Civic Auditorium, but after that he had practically nothing to say. They drove home in virtual silence and she wasn't even kissed on the forehead when they parted.

Four days passed without a word from him. By then she was in the middle of the moderate despair predicted by Francis, the psychologist, except that it wasn't moderate.

The family had grown discreetly quiet and sympathetic. So the man has reconsidered, Lily thought. He's changed his mind. Fine. A typical cheap politician. But she felt terrible.

"I wish," her mother said, as they washed the dishes, "that Lance wouldn't come over to visit Francis so often. They're too young for—"

"Oh, don't worry," Lily told her. "It's an exceptional case. They're such bums, who else can they associate with besides each other?"

Afterwards, she happened to go into the library for a book. Lance and Francis were there, looking solemn.

"Just the woman we want to see," Francis said. "Sit down, Lily, we've been pondering your case. You need help."

"Thanks," Lily said, "but—"

"Darling, please listen to Francis," Lance said. "We can straighten out your difficulties by a simple application of psychology."

"All right," Lily said, "shoot. You don't happen to have love philters in the handy pocket size, do you?"

"Like all elected politicians," Francis said, "Handley has an insecurity complex. Beauty and strangeness are foreign to his life, an upsetting factor. His mate must be a prop to him, or she will destroy what little assurance he has. That means you must be content to make him your sole interest if you are to have him."

"Exactly," Lance said. "I don't get it," Lily said.

"Simply this," Francis said: "Subordinate yourself, echo his thoughts, sustain him. Wrap yourself up in his work. Forget the personal, romantic relationship; that will come later. Don't wait to be courted; learn to make yourself indispensable to him first."

"I think you're nuts," Lily said, and rose to go.

"There is no charge for this consultation," Francis said.

Sitting alone, Lily considered what Francis had said. Perhaps the kid was a genius instead of a chump.

That evening, as a result, she wrote Representative Handley a long and dignified letter, assuring him of her interest in his political affairs.

Far more important than either of them, she wrote, were the larger issues confronting the nation. Those were not days for being petty or considering one's own self; the good of the many came before the good of the few, and so on. She walked to the drugstore, drank a stiff malted milk, and posted the letter.

The next afternoon Representative Handley telephoned, and her heart fluttered perilously. He had read her communication, contents were noted, and he wondered if he could come by in an hour or so.

Lily waited by the door for a long while, trying unsuccessfully to shoo Dorothy away. Made suspicious by her manner, the child hung on, and was the first to greet Representative Handley. He appeared very honest and pale, kissed only Dorothy, and asked to be alone with Lily. They went into the library.

"Lily," he said, "your wonderful letter has given me the courage to follow the dictates of my conscience rather than my heart. I cannot thank you enough."

"You're welcome," Lily said. "What are you talking about?"

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# MOUNTAIN PRELUDE

By MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

**H**ELLEN JACKSON, lovely and talented pianist and composer, is amazed to find renewed interest in life awakening within her after she has been living for some weeks at the remote mountain township of Brushy Gap.

She had felt that life ended for her when her young son HANK was killed in an accident, following the death of her husband at the war. The change in her is actually brought about by 12-year-old JERRY, who comes from the neighboring orphanage to work for her.

Jerry is very like Hank, and, despite herself, Helen is won by his awful charm, allowing him to become firm friends with JOCK, the collie who belonged to Hank and his father.

Helen is further surprised to find her interest in her music reviving with the discovery that Jerry is very musical. Inspired by a tune he plays on his mouth organ she begins work on a new composition, "Mountain Prelude," then she suddenly decides to attend a concert at the town of Minton, where the pianist JACQUES DUMOND has asked her to appear with him.

NOW READ ON:

**A**S SUDDEN thought came to Helen. She hurried out to the back door, where Jerry was giving Jock a farewell hug.

"Jerry," she said, "I decided impulsively to go to Minton to hear some really fine music, and I forgot all about Jock. I can't drive in and back in one day, and I'll have to stay at a hotel, and they won't take a dog. Do you suppose you could look after Jock while I'm gone? He's perfectly happy with you."

"You just bet. I'd take him to the orphanage with me, but Miss Collins wouldn't have it. I'll come down as much as she'll let me, and I'll feed him and exercise him and everything."

"That's grand. This is the first time I've wanted to hear music. It may help me to work on my piece."

"You reckon I best look Jock in when I'm not with him?" he asked.

"I expect so. He'd follow you to the orphanage, and that wouldn't do at all. Let's see. I want to make an early start in the morning. I'll give you the keys now."

He took them, but he was on hand at daybreak to start her fires and make her coffee and carry her bag to the car.

Helen said, "I'm sure there's enough of that dog food I brought with me to last Jock until I return to-morrow night. I'll get some more in Minton. Just mix it for him with milk or water."

"Don't you fret about him. You just have you a fine time." His eyes sparkled. "Mebbe you'll play some of the pieces you hear, when you come home."

She was tempted to kiss him goodbye. He was so manly and yet so wistful, standing by the door with one hand on Jock's head. She resisted. The boy and the dog saw her off. Jerry waving after her until the car was out of sight.

Helen was exhilarated. The trip was an adventure, because there was something tangible to which she would return. She reached the distant city in the afternoon and registered at a hotel.

She did not telephone Dumond at this time, for she knew he would be practising. She could not get Jerry out of her mind.

I wish I could have brought Jerry, she said to herself.

Picturing him with her, she recalled his ragged clothes, and that they seemed shabbier and even more patched than those of some of the other boys. She went shopping for him.

Because of young Hank, she knew his size, knew what a boy would like, and combined good quality with conservatism. She bought one gaudy plaid lumberjacket for a bit of color.

The clerk said, "You'll have all this sent, of course."

It would indeed be sensible to have the pile of packages delivered to the hotel, but she laid a possessive hand on them. Somehow, she did not want to lose contact for an instant.

"No, I'm in town briefly. I'll have to take them."

As she waited for her change, she closed her eyes, and old memories, half sweet, half painful, came before her. She was standing at just such a counter with young Hank, buying shirts for him, khaki-colored, because that was what big Hank was wearing.

She wanted young Hank to have some blue shirts and a gay maroon one with grey stripes, but he would have none of them.

She was saying, "But those khaki shirts are so old-looking and so drab, darling," and he was answering, "That's what a man wears when there's work to do."

The picture blurred, and in young Hank's place there stood Jerry, ragged and laughing, his shaggy hair tumbling into his grey-blue eyes.

The clerk said, "Your change, madam. Thank you very much."

Helen blinked her eyes and shook her head to clear it, and gathered up the parcels. There were so many that she could barely see her way, and she was obliged to apologise several times as she collided with other customers.

She clutched at the packages as to a life raft on a dark sea, and took a taxi to her hotel.

It was twilight, and now she phoned Dumond. He was overjoyed that she had come.

He said, "You will let me introduce you, and you will play your Fantasy?"

"That's generous of you, but I couldn't possibly. I haven't played in months. Just be sure I have a good seat, to hear you. I'm starved for it."

"Then you will join a little supper party afterward. Only a few who speak the tongue."

Two weeks ago she would have refused. Now she said, "I'd love it."

She indulged in the luxury of dinner in her room.

As she drew steaming bath water, she said to it, "I wonder who built the fire to make you so hot."

She dressed in a severe evening gown and decided that she approved of the effect. She lifted a fold of the sweeping skirt. It was smoke-blue.

Just the color of Jerry's eyes. I wonder if he'd like this dress, she thought.

She hesitated over her jewel-case, and finally selected moonstone and sapphire ear-clips, with a bracelet to match.

The ticket waiting for her at the box office was for a box. It was good to watch the audience come in, to hear the buzz of conversation, to wait for the black velvet curtains to swing back from the stage.

Dumond lifted a hand to her as he came to the grand piano. She was glad to know that it was to be an understanding audience, for the talk ceased instantly.



Jerry began forking hay, trying desperately to keep the dog's presence a secret from the others.

The first pure, incisive notes floated like crystal balls across the stillness. The audience was enthusiastic, and here, in a city that was to her no more than a place on a map, that audience knew music, for the greatest applause followed an abstruse and highly technical number.

At the end of the programme, there were repeated calls for encores, which it was not Dumond's custom to give. He came to the footlights and bowed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my friends," he said, and the audience hushed. "As you may know, it is not my usage to give the encores. I prefer to build a programme of music like a castle, so that anything added would be but a grotesque turret. To-night I shall add a grace note to my castle. We have with us one of the finest of young American composers and pianists."

"Helen Morley Jackson, whom some of you may have had the privilege of hearing in concert," he went on. "I give you what she was too modest to play for you herself—her composition, American Fantasy."

Helen flushed. The audience was at first curious, and craned their necks to see her, then gave themselves to Dumond's gay rendering of the light-hearted composition.

The applause was tumultuous, and she was obliged to take a bow from her box. It was gratifying both to find her name known in the hinterland and her work approved. Yet

she felt a strange dissatisfaction with her composition and was embarrassed that Dumond had played it.

He was waiting for her in the lobby, fine looking with his snow-white hair and old translucent skin. He took both her hands and kissed them in the Continental fashion.

"Madame," he said, "I was very nervous, playing before you."

"It was a magnificent programme," she said earnestly. "I can learn so much from you."

He tucked her hand under his arm and led her to a taxi.

"Tell me," he said, "did I do your Fantasy to please you?"

"You put more in it than is there."

She hesitated.

He said, "But you did not approve. Please tell me the truth."

"It could not have been played more exquisitely. The truth is, I found myself intensely displeased with the composition itself."

"But it is one of your best loved?"

"I know. But it seemed shallow to me—and superficial."

"Do you want Wagnerian thunder in a fantasia?"

"No, but fantasy is only good when you're conscious of deeper undertones. That fantasy was written when all I knew of life was good. So much has happened since—"

"Arthur told me. And so now a fantasia is not enough for you. I understand. I am an old man, so believe me, you will put the new things, had as they are, in your music, and the music will be good because of them. You are working on a composition now?"

"Yes. But it doesn't please me."

"That is fine. It is better not to be pleased while you are working. Now listen. We shall get rid of the supper party early, and you shall play some of it for me."

The party in his hotel suite was a small one. It was good to be among people who spoke her language, urbane people who asked no questions, who sipped cocktails with her. Then she was suddenly tired. She went to sit alone in a far corner.

The maestro observed, and, being privileged, resolved the matter.

He rapped for attention and announced, "Madame Jackson has come from a long way to compliment us to-night. She is fatigued. We have business to talk so you will please all go home now."

The guests laughed and took their leave.

Dumond opened his practice piano. Helen massaged her hands a moment and sat down before it.

"I don't want to play all that I've written. Too much of it is not right yet. I'll play for you the part that I think may stand up."

She played the portion of her Mountain Prelude that contained her adaptation of Jerry's tune.

"But that is charming!" he exclaimed. "And it has under it the great sadness, too. Give me a soup-con more."

"I'm staying for a while in a very remote mountain place. There's a mountain boy there I've come to know. He's really rather remarkable. The melody in the part I just played is an air he plays on his mouth organ."

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AN ORIGINAL MODEL BY

*Van Roth*



FABRIC BY

*Courtaulds*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON



Short story by  
**LOUIS KAMP**

**A**LL the morning they had been sparring with each other. The tall, thin man and the short, plump one. The plump one had taken the tall, thin one for a row in the boat, had baited a hook for him, and watched his ineptitude with the fishing rod.

Only when they went for a swim did vagrant smiles tremble across his good-natured face as he watched the thin man's gingerly advance across the pebble-covered floor of the bay.

Finally, over cold beer in the kitchen of the little house, the tall, thin one stopped sparring.

"Uh... where is she?" He waved his hand vaguely around.

"And I tried so hard to entertain you." The other sighed.

"What do you mean by that?" The plump one grinned.

"About every three months it gets too much for you. Doesn't it? You have to hop in that black-market car of yours, bought with your ill-gotten gains, and trot out here to show off your wealth. You'd like to take her away from me. Why don't you come right out and admit it? I'm broadminded."

The thin man tried a frown that only succeeded in making him look more nervous and confused.

"I knew her long before you did—"

"Of course," the other said. "When you come right down to it—I really took her away from you, didn't I?"

"She might have married me," the thin one said stiffly. "What did you have to offer her?"

"Well," the plump one said mildly. "I thought this would be a good place to try to write." He looked downcast, and then he brightened.

"But there's been pretty fair money in clams this past year."

"Clams!"

"Don't you like clams?"

"No. You didn't tell me where she'd gone to."

The plump one laughed. "Oh, I sent her to get my whisky and my cigarettes."

"She should hear you talk about her, as though she were your servant," the thin man said angrily. "If I could take her away from all this I certainly would."

"If you can get her to leave me you're welcome to her."

The thin man was startled.

"She should hear you say that!"

"You can tell her if you like," the other said, shrugging.

The thin man stood up. "You'd like that. I don't think."

The plump man said mildly. "You can tell her anything you like."

"Well!" the thin one said. "I'm glad I found out how you really feel about her. When I think, all she must have gone through..."

"What about all I've gone through?" The other man sounded aggrieved. "You don't know what a nuisance a woman can be."

"Why'd you marry her if this is the way you feel about women?"

"It gets pretty lonely here." The plump man laughed. "Besides, she can drive the car and do errands."

"When I think how good she's been to you!" The thin man leaned across the table. He looked angry.

"Oh, I don't know," the other man said. He yawned carefully. "We've had our fights. I remember a couple. She might have walked out on me then... but..."

"But what?" the thin man demanded.

"Money," the other said sadly. "Money. A couple of times she said if we had the money she'd go to Reno and get a divorce. But we didn't have the money."

The thin one stood up again.

"You mean," his eyes narrowed, "if you had money—"

The plump one looked up, all surprise. "Hey," he said, "that's funny. Neither of us thought of you at those times. You've got a lot of money, haven't you? Banks full of it."

"How much would she need?"

"Oh... say six thousand?"



## HIS BIG Deal

"He's been saying the most awful things about you," the thin man said, levelling a finger at the other.

you were his servant," the thin man said. "She's getting my whisky," he quoted. "Doing my errands. He also said you were a nuisance. He said you snored—"

"That's a lie," the girl said ferociously.

"Don't think I believed him," the thin man said hastily.

"How would she know?" The plump man inquired. "She's always asleep when she snores."

"I don't snore, I whistle," the girl said.

The thin man looked startled, then laughed politely. "That's not all," he went on. "He said that you walk in your sleep... that he has to go out in the woods after you."

"He said that, did he?" The girl stared at the plump man moodily.

"But you haven't heard the worst," the thin man said.

"That's what I want to hear. The worst."

"He offered to sell you to me for five thousand dollars..."

"Sell me?" She was really surprised.

"Well, I mean—" The thin man was nervous again. "He said if you wanted to leave him it would be all right with him, only he didn't have the money for a divorce."

"Did he," the girl asked, "did he ask you for money for a divorce?"

"Now wait a minute," the plump man said genially. "I merely said that we should have thought of him those times when you wished we had money enough for a divorce. It was his idea. I want you to know he's been very generous, and he should get all the credit."

"Where does the five thousand come in?" the girl asked. "The business of selling me?"

"Well, that was my idea," the plump man admitted.

"Yes," the thin man said eagerly. "He said he wouldn't let you go for a penny less. But I'll be happy to give it to him."

The girl looked at the plump man thoughtfully. "Five thousand," she said wonderingly.

"Well," he answered, "there are a lot of chores around here. It wouldn't be fair to me if I had to give you up for nothing. You know I need you."

The girl stared at him.

"You know," he went on reasonably, "if I got a hired girl it'd have to be one who could drive a car. It would cost quite a bit these days. Of course, if I got a pretty one and I'm not denying I'd try to, a pretty one like you... well, she'd probably cost more."

He grew speculative. "Maybe I could persuade her to marry me. It'd be cheaper in the long run. If I marry her," he spoke directly to the thin man, "I'll refund part of the money. The part I haven't used."

"Oh, you will, will you?" the girl asked.

"You don't have to put up with any more of his insulting talk," the thin man said. "I'm here now and I'll see that you get your divorce. Let him have his five thousand. I'd give ten thousand, twenty thousand, if you'd marry me."

"Oh, shut up!" the girl said. She was crying in a kind of vague, off-hand way.

"You're upset," the thin man said. "I don't blame you." He put his arms around her shoulders. "How could you live with a man like that so long—"

"Oh, take your hands off me, you fool," the girl said. "Why don't you go back to the city and count your money? Why don't you leave us alone?"

When the thin man was gone in all his bewilderment, the girl leaned over the man who was still sitting in his chair.

"Well," he said, "I straightened that out once and for all. You always said he was a pest."

"Don't think," she warned him wickedly, "that you've eliminated all my suitors. That young butcher in town's been making eyes at me."

She laughed. "Of course, I don't think he has five thousand, but you could probably work him for a couple of sirloin steaks."

Then with a great and happy sigh she fell into his lap and, with her arms close about his neck, she bit gently at the lobe of his ear.

"Do you really need me, George?" she said into his ear. "Am I really worth five thousand to you?"

"When you behave yourself," he said gruffly.

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# Three Months to Remember

By FRANK O'ROURKE

QUINN drove into the little town of Maplewood, reviewing in his mind the parting interview between himself and his lawyer, his doctor, and his parents. This had concerned his health, which was fine now, and 10,000 dollars, which was lost in limbo.

Because the ten thousand had been his, as attested by a battered bankbook, and had not been spent to his knowledge or anyone else's, it was of vital concern.

"You had two thousand with you when you left for Camp Burns," his lawyer had said. "And you remember winning five thousand in a poker game on the train?"

"Right," Quinn had said. "And this bankbook states that you deposited that seven thousand in the Maplewood National Bank when you arrived at Camp Burns," his lawyer said. "And five days later you deposited three thousand more. Then three months later all withdrawn in cash, and now you don't remember what happened. Right?"

"Right," Quinn said. "Maybe you lost it playing poker on your ship?" his doctor mused. "No," Quinn said. "I can remember all that. I didn't lose it on ship-board or overseas. I didn't have it."

"So that's it," his doctor said. "That three-month period at Camp Burns, still blank in your mind, holds the key, Tim. That's why you've got to drive down there and look around. Maybe you know people in the town you don't remember, most likely a girl. Anyway, it's the only blank spot left, and you've got to clear it up yourself."

"Right," Quinn said. "I'd better get started."

"Take your time," his father said. "Keep us posted, and ask for anything you need."

So here he was, Quinn thought, driving down the main street of a small town called Maplewood and remembering nothing that he saw or heard.

Then he saw the theatre marquee, and something large and electric jolted his memory. He pulled over and studied the marquee, wondering which forgotten page of his past it represented; and then he remembered the telephone number.

"Two, four, six, eight," Quinn said aloud.

He half ran into the drugstore adjoining the theatre, crowded into a phone booth, and dialled 2468.

A clear young voice said "Hello?" and Quinn gulped. The number was real; it was like groping through a dark tunnel and flipping a light switch by accident.

"Who is this?" Quinn asked. "Jane. Who is this?"

Quinn frowned and became cunning. "Jane, what do you look like?"

"Look here," Jane said. "Is this a joke?"

"Excuse me," Quinn said quickly. "That was a dumb question. My name is Tim Quinn. If it means anything to you, tell me. If not, I've dialled the wrong number and I'm sorry."

It seemed to mean a great deal, for the unknown Jane talked loud and fast and endearingly, pouring forth a solid stream of excited, incoherent speech. She concluded by shouting, "And come right out, Tim!"

"Uh," Quinn said. "What's your address?"

"Stop kidding me, Tim!" Jane said. "Twelve twenty-two Chestnut Street! You know that! And hurry up. I'm dying to see you!"

"Me, too," Quinn said, and hung up.

He bolted from the phone booth and rubbed his sweating face. "Dying

to see me, huh?" he said cautiously, and caught a salesgirl staring at him with large, worried eyes. He acquired hazy directions from this salesgirl, and ran out to his convertible.

Quinn got lost five times, but eventually he drove up a broad, quiet street lined with elm trees, and stopped before a large white house. He was barely out of the car when a leggy girl, yelling strenuously, hurled two flower-beds and smothered him with kisses.

Quinn was embarrassed and totally confused and was ready to call for help when she dragged him up the steps and a little woman kissed him and called him her wandering boy come home at last.

"Why didn't you write us?" the leggy girl cried. "Where have you been, Tim?"

"We've been worried sick," the little woman sighed.

"I'll explain," Quinn said. "If you'll let me talk."

"You'd better have a good excuse," Jane said darkly.

Putting me on the defensive, Quinn said to Quinn. What now? Better tell the truth. But keep your mouth shut about the ten grand.

Quinn said, "I've been in hospital. After that I went home. I've been home almost a year."

"Mother," Jane said, "think of that. Home a year and never wrote us."

"Now, look," Quinn said. "Let me explain carefully. In the last week of fighting I got a head wound that gave me what the doctors call a traumatic amnesia. I went completely blank in my head. I didn't even know my name. They flew me home and the specialists took over. I was lucky, I guess, because they brought me around until I was all normal. But I couldn't remember a thing."

"Big hunk of my past were blank to me. My recovery was based on association with the past, through objects, people, and localities striking responsive chords in my memory. I was in hospital a long time, and finally they let me go home, and my family and friends have been helping me ever since."

"I went pretty slow at first, but I finally got into high gear, and I'm almost caught up now. I have no bad after-effects from the wound, and my doctors all say I can expect complete recovery of my memory within another year if I get some contact with every part of my past. Is this plain to you so far?"

"My gosh!" Jane said. "Too plain."

"Are you still out of your head?" Jane's mother asked.

"No," Quinn explained patiently. "Except for one piece of time three months long. Three months I spent at Camp Burns, and obviously in this town near the fort. That's why I don't remember you, while any fool can see you know me."

"Mother called you our extra son," Jane said.

"I did," her mother sighed. "We loved you from the very beginning, Tim."

Watch it, Quinn said to Quinn. They're buttering you up, old boy. Be awake.

"Thank you," Quinn said. "This is a wonderful break for me. Now you can help me remember this missing hunk of time."



"Tim!" she cried out in surprise, dropping parcels everywhere.

**The whereabouts of his money was not all that Tim had forgotten—there was also a pretty girl called Nancy**

"Tim!" Mrs. Cameron said, "this is Nancy, and Freddie Whipple."

Quinn stammered over a few words that made sounds like "How-jado—sorryshockyouddallthat," and Jane stepped into this thick silence by jumping up and explaining everything to Nancy.

Nancy sagged into the chair and stared dazedly at Quinn. Freddie Whipple lurked behind the chair, glowering at Quinn. Quinn decided he didn't like Freddie.

"Then you didn't stop writing to me?" Nancy finally said.

"Not intentionally," Quinn said. "Don't you remember me at all?" Nancy asked.

Quinn wished he did. He said, "It makes me feel terrible, but I don't."

"Sounds funny to me," Freddie said. "Coming back after more than a year of silence. You have caused

Nancy a great deal of embarrassment."

Quinn stared evenly at Freddie and said, "This is my picnic, not yours."

Jane coughed and grinned. "Nancy said, 'I'm all mixed up. I thought you were—'"

"Sure," Quinn said. "You had every right to think the worst of me. Now, look here, Nancy. I don't want to embarrass you in any way, but will you do me one favor?"

"What?" Nancy said.

"Let me stick around a few days and straighten out this blank in my past," Quinn said.

"This is foolish," Freddie said. "I'll assist Mr. Quinn. As I understand it, he merely needs someone to help look around and revive his memory."

"What are your plans now?" Mrs. Cameron asked.

"Get a hotel room," Quinn said. "Then talk with all of you. Mostly with Nancy, I guess."

"Wouldn't you like to stay here?" Mrs. Cameron asked.

"No," Quinn said. "That could be embarrassing. I'd rather go to the hotel."

"Very well," Freddie said coldly. "And now, Mr. Quinn, if you'll follow me downtown, I'll take you to our best hotel."

Getting you away fast, Quinn said to Quinn. This gazebo has squatter's rights on Nancy.

She's too nice for him, Quinn answered Quinn. Out him out.

Whoa, Quinn said to Quinn. Remember the ten grand, Quinn. Somewhere there's dirty work. Play it easy, Quinn, very easy. Let's get a room.

Next day at noon Quinn presented himself at the Cameron home. Nancy opened the door. Quinn looked at Nancy and said, "How do we start?"

Nancy said, "Tim, can't you remember our engagement?"

"No," Quinn said.

"Then you don't—well, you can't very well be in love with me now, can you?"

"That," Quinn said diplomatically,

"would be nice to say, but a lie in my teeth."

Nancy frowned and said, "Don't joke about it, Tim."

Quinn said, "Uh... about this Freddie character?"

Nancy turned pink. She said, "Freddie won't let me alone."

"Sometimes helps to tell 'em you don't want 'em hanging around," Quinn said.

"Well, what would you do?" Nancy said sharply. "Freddie was here. I didn't know where you were."

"Sure," Quinn said, "but you can do better than that."

"I did," Nancy said. "I had you."

"Thanks," Quinn said. "Now, what about looking for my past?"

"They drove around Maplewood for two hours, and in the late afternoon Nancy directed Quinn to a ledge on a small mountain overlooking the town and showed him their initials carved in the soft limestone. It made Quinn feel funny, like meeting his own ghost."

Quinn said, "I like this remembering."

"You should," Nancy said. "You loved this spot."

"Did we come here often?"

"Almost every night. You'd lie on your stomach and fall asleep."

"I fell asleep with you around!" Quinn said.

Nancy smiled. "Not for long. You usually kissed me, and then I'd run and you chased me all over the mountain."

"How fast did you run?" Quinn asked.

"Fast as I could," Nancy said.

"Like heck," Quinn said. "Let me kiss you first and then run fast. Don't give me that."

"I could almost outrun you," Nancy said.

Quinn started to gather his running legs under him, and it seemed that Nancy's eyes were begging him to do just that—chase her and kiss her, as it had been in the old days. And then Quinn saw the ten thousand floating before his eyes, and Quinn said to Quinn, Hold on here. That's playing right into her hands. Take it easy.

Please turn to page 28

Page 9



## SEE TASMANIA in Snowtime!



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## Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 5

THE old maestro nodded. "That melody has the touch of the old ballads," he said. "I heard that."

Helen went on eagerly. "This boy has an amazingly keen musical ear. Probably someone should do something about it. Listen to this, and I'll tell you. I heard the church bells far down in the valley, and they seemed musically valuable. And this is the way I wrote them in."

She played the bell interlude as she had first composed it, with the bells in the major key.

"It isn't right, you see. The boy—his name is Jerry—listened. He didn't know the musical terms, of course, but he made me understand that the bells should be in a minor key instead of a major. So I transposed, and now it is this."

She played the phrases again, and Dumond listened rapidly.

"Astounding! He is correct. My dear, you are working out there something very good indeed."

She rose from the piano and he helped her with her evening wrap.

"You don't know how much good this has done me," she told him. "You strengthen me."

"Ah, my child, your strength is within yourself. If any is coming to you from outside, it is not me. The mountain boy you speak of, with the music in his soul—I think I know who is the 'someone' who will do something with him."

Helen said quickly. "Oh, no. I couldn't risk . . . being hurt . . . again."

The maestro laid his hands gently on her shoulders.

"Dear Helen, when you are as old as I, you will discover that the human heart is a stout thing. You can drop it and break it in a thousand pieces, over and over again, and love will put it together better than new. Go back to your work now, and do not close any doors."

After Helen's car had gone out of sight, Jerry decided to scrub the kitchen floor and mop the floors of the other rooms. He washed the few breakfast dishes and straightened the kitchen cupboards. He whistled happily as he worked.

Jock kept no farther than a foot away from him. He insisted on taking part, and as his share of helpfulness pounced on the mop, which set off a fine tug-of-war.

Jerry said, "She went off in such a big scramble, I just know she didn't make you no breakfast. But look what I saved for you."

From his pocket he took a large crumpled piece of corn bread. Jock ate it as though it were the rarest delicacy.

Jerry said, "Good, ain't it?"

They went outside, and before Jerry knew it they had raced far away over the hill behind the cottage, through the rhododendron, and the sun was high. Down below him he glimpsed the roof of the orphanage.

"Oh-oh! I forgot there was such a place in the world. I'll ketch it now. Come on, feller, we got to get back."

They scrambled down the hillside. Jock could not believe it when Jerry led him into the cottage and locked both doors. He was both alarmed and insulted. He ran to every window and put his paws on the sill to look out.

It was up the road that he looked for solace; not the way the car had gone. His beloved had faithlessly abandoned him. He sat down on his haunches and howled mournfully.

Running up the road to the orphanage, Jerry heard him, and, for all his anxiety, stopped.

"I wish I'd just stayed with him. They couldn't do no more'n give me extry work."

He tried to be unusually polite when he reached the orphanage.

"I'm powerful sorry, Miss Collins," he said. "I didn't notice 'twas so late. Miss Jackson had to go off to Minton and I been takin' care of things. Takin' care of Jock. That's her dog."

"It doesn't take two hours to look after a nasty dog. Now you can't have any more time off to-day. Not another minute."

His eyes were wide. He had not

expected this. "But I promised to feed Jock while she's gone. I can't let him go hungry."

"That's exactly what you can do. You've gotten out of hand since she's been here, spoiling and pampering you. If you can't make your outside money, to waste on silly toys like that mouth organ, in your free time, there won't be any free time." She flounced away.

"Oh, please, Miss Collins! I'll do all the extry work you say! But I got to feed Jock!"

She said over her shoulder, "You heard me. And this evening you give the other boys some free time, and you can drive up the cows. And if you're late for your supper, you won't get a mouthful."

That had given him an idea. He wrinkled his nose in pleasure.

When she was out of hearing, he repeated slowly, "And I got to drive the cows up this evenin' . . . and if I'm late for supper . . ." He chuckled to himself. "Now all I got to do is see how much I can hold this noon dinner, to last me."

He finished out the morning hoeing in the orphanage cornfield.

When the dinner bell rang at noon, he set aside his hoe, washed his face and hands hurriedly, and was among the first at table. He settled himself in one of the coveted seats next to Mrs. Pendleton, the matron, who sat at the head of the table, while Miss Collins presided over the foot.

Mrs. Pendleton was both generous and lenient, and would let him eat all he could. She smiled when he asked for a second helping.

Jerry said to her in a low voice, "I wish we had two of you, 'stead of one you and one Miss Collins."

She frowned and shook her head at him. "Jerry, I don't like to hear you say things like that. You know Miss Collins does her very best."

But her eyes twinkled, and when Miss Collins scolded one of the little fellows for spilling his milk, she called down the table, "Miss Collins, I noticed that Sam's milk was placed too close to the edge when he sat down. I should have called your attention to it. . . . It's all right, Sam; it wasn't your fault."

The child, no more than a baby, blinked back his tears, smiled shyly at her, and returned with gusto to his food.

Jerry said, "Please, Miss Pendleton, is it all right do I have some more meat and bread and beans?"

"Why, Jerry," she said, "this is a change. You're usually satisfied with just one helping. I've often thought you didn't eat enough."

"I been hoein' all mornin'," he could not be anything but honest. He corrected himself. "I mean a good bit of the mornin'. I was lfe gettin' back from takin' care of Miss Jackson's dog."

"Anyway, you're very hungry, is that it? You may have all you want, Jerry."

Jerry felt a little guilty, but he stowed away the food manfully against the lean time coming. As Mrs. Pendleton wiped the crumb-specked chin of the little girl on her other side, he slipped his third helping of meat and biscuits in his pockets.

There was syrup pie for dessert. He ate three pieces. Suddenly he felt cross-eyed.

He said faintly, "Could I be excused, Miss Pendleton? I think mebbe I ate too much."

"I thought so, too. Yes, you may go."

He hurried outside and leaned against the wall and clasped his stomach.

"I gotta keep it," he told himself. "I'd be worse off'n ever."

He grabbed his harmonica from his shirt pocket to distract his mind from his troubles. The first long breath brought imminent peril. He replaced the harmonica cautiously and sank slowly to the ground and sat there with his back against the wall.

After a time, he heard Miss Collins' voice. He forced himself to his feet and staggered away to the cornfield, where he leaned on his hoe until he felt fit to work.

Please turn to page 22

## Interesting People



**CAPT. ROY DOWLING, D.S.O.**

... carrier command

IN England to command Australia's first aircraft-carrier, H.M.A.S. Sydney, is Captain Roy Dowling. He joined the Navy in 1915 as a cadet midshipman. Served in H.M.S. Naiad as commander from 1936 until she was torpedoed in 1942. Was then appointed to Australian Navy Office until he took command of H.M.A.S. Hobart. Won D.S.O. for service in Far East.



**MAJOR JEAN COX**

... travels of a nurse

AFTER more than eight years' service in Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service, Australian Major Jean Cox recently returned from India. Served as well in England, Palestine, Egypt, South Africa, and Singapore. Has also worked in China and New Guinea. Trained at Royal Melbourne. Happiest days of war for her in India—"Indians much easier to nurse than British," says Major Cox.



**MR. RICHARD BYRNE**

... famous face

AMONG the most famous artists' models in Britain is Mr. Richard (Dickie) Byrne, 75-year-old saddler, of Northamptonshire, whose face has often been seen at the Royal Academy in the paintings of his friend, 81-year-old Charles Spenceclay, R.A. This year he is shown sitting in an untidy corner as "The Lover of Dickens." Has never been to the Academy, but claims he's "been around a bit in his day." When in the Army as a saddler, Dickie met Winston Churchill, on the North-West Frontier in India.



## DESIGNED IN PARIS . . . for Australian tour

● An important feature of the personal wardrobe brought from Paris by Madame Caroline Chambrelent, who is in Australia to direct our 1948 Paris Fashion Parades, is a black frock, worn with several jackets and an overskirt, shown in these pictures. On our cover she wears a lovely brocade evening gown.



● Worn, above, as an overskirt, this embroidered and flared garment becomes a cape for an evening outing. (Centre).



● For cocktails the black frock takes this beige jacket beautifully trimmed on the collar and basque with jet beading.



● Another change for the black frock is jacket on left, with back pleat. It is suitable for morning or lunch in town.

● For mornings or country outings, Madame Chambrelent chooses this tailored pink-and-white spotted linen.



*A message to every guardian of a family's health*

For protection against winter chills  
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**CHEST COLDS, 'FLU**  
**CROUP & WHOOPING COUGH**

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Be sure that Father has a packet of Larynoids always handy at the office and drop a packet in the kiddies' school bags for a safety's sake! Remember—there is no known cure for a cold, but if taken in time Larynoids may prevent a cold and its consequences.



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#### HOW LARYNOIDS ACT

**THROAT:** A cold results from millions of infective microbes multiplying in your throat. Larynoids nullify their activity and prevent them spreading to your **PHARYNX**: This area, when infected by disease-spreading microbes, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids, taken in time, prevent infection spreading to your **LARYNX**: This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to your **BRONCHIAL TUBES**: Here is the home of Bronchitis and other stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids and a "slight cold" may result in Pneumonia or Pleurisy. Simple hygiene and Larynoids will protect vital areas from infection.

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Containing **ANESTHESIN**

**CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES**

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The Australian Women's Weekly — July 10, 1948



Ask at  
**ANY CHEMIST**  
**1/8**  
PER PACKET

#### A FAMOUS FORMULA

**ANESTHESIN:** Rapidly produces prolonged deadening of the nerve endings and stops "tickling," irritation, soreness.  
**BALSAM:** A soothing inhalant to ease breathing and aid healing of sore areas.  
**IPECAC:** Loosens "hardness": valuable as treatment for Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Croup.  
**MENTHOL:** Relieves nasal catarrh, arrests sneezing, deadens pain.  
**PEPPERMINT:** Powerful inhalant, relieves congestion in frontal sinuses.  
**PINE OIL:** A soothing inhalant to relieve the air passages from congestion.  
**OIL OF ANISEED:** An aromatic and carminative.  
**HONEY:** A soothing linetec.  
**CINNAMON OIL:** Powerfully antiseptic and aromatic.  
**IODINE:** Highly antiseptic and healing.





OPENING SCENE. College bus driver (David Dale), finding co-eds in tears after seeing film "Mayerling," tells them Rudolph and Maria didn't die. His father, a cab driver, helped lovers to escape. He retells story.

## "MARINKA" operetta to be filmed after stage run

ROMANTIC operetta "Marinka," a new presentation of famous tragedy "Mayerling," has had its Australian premiere as a musical at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne. After its stage run it will be filmed in Sydney for world distribution, and the show is, therefore, a potential dollar-earner.

In the sophisticated boy-meets-girl-boy-loses-girl-boy gets-girl version, a happy ending is achieved.

Glamor cast of 70, headed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet Kathy Barr and New York stage and nightclub stars Norman Lawrence and Sonya Yarr, also includes ballet dancers Laurel Martyn and Martin Rubinstein.



EYEBROW MAKE-UP for Fred Conyngham by his wife, Molly Fisher. They returned from London, as comedy-song-dance team in "Marinka," after stage and film successes in England.



MAKING-UP. Kathy Barr (left), who plays Marinka, and Russian-born Sonya Yarr, beauty contest winner and singer, share dressing-room. Mrs. Tessa Barr, Kathy's mother, fixes hair-do.



"KNOCKING ON WOOD," backstage trick for good luck before making first entrance, handsome New York stage star Norman Lawrence smilingly accepts good wishes from ballerinas Laurel Martyn (right) and Pat Bryson.



ROMANTIC MOMENT in operetta. Visiting Prince Rudolph's lodge, "Mayerling," Marinka is impressed when he offers her sweets and milk instead of cigarettes and cocktails.



PLAY'S NEW ENDING. After leading revolution which fails, Rudolph is secretly pardoned by his father, the Emperor, ordered to escape to make a new life. Two shots heard shortly afterwards lead to story of suicide pact.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 10, 1948

"I always use  
Lux Toilet Soap.. it leaves  
skin clear, fresh and lovely"

SAYS  
*Jean Simmons*  
"OPHELIA" in  
Laurence Olivier's presentation  
of "HAMLET"

You'd never think Jean Simmons' beauty secret was so simple—just regular active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap! Why not try her complexion care yourself? Each night and morning pat in the rich, creamy lather. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold and pat dry with a soft towel. Your skin will feel softer, smoother.

The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

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The Empire's favourite Cigarettes

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*Y*our legs will look glamorous in  
Hilton stockings—so sheer—  
so sleek—so smooth-fitting.

**HILTON**  
FULL FASHIONED *Stockings*

*Lovely to look at... Lovelier to Wear*



## SIMPLE and sophisticated

★ These three evening gowns flown direct from Paris for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades show simplicity contrasted with the utmost sophistication. Ninety models will be shown at the parades, which open in Sydney on August 16, and go later to Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart.



● Black velvet and coarse white lace are combined by Carven to make a simple ballerina-length dance frock, with narrow velvet straps, for the teenager.



● A tightly fitting black velvet bodice contrasts cleverly with a loose black chiffon yoke and softly falling chiffon skirt, and black velvet swathes into a huge hip drape in the sophisticated evening gown (above) designed by Gres. Jacques Fath uses black-silk jersey to make the gown at left, with skirt cut cunningly to fall in folds.





# Champion at Fifteen!

## PAYS TRIBUTE TO 'ASPRO'

A winning tip from youthful Victorian Champion Woman Cyclist  
MISS IRIS BENT:-

*- no broken training from COLDS & FLU*

Nicholas Pty. Ltd.,  
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Dear Sirs,

As a successful cyclist in the competitive field I feel due to give some of the credit to 'Aspro'. When training for races one cannot afford to have the training broken by attacks of colds or flu. I find that by taking 'Aspro' whenever I feel there is a risk of catching cold it wards off any trouble.

There is plenty of nerve strain and tension in cycle racing too, and I find 'Aspro' definitely soothes and calms me.

Yours faithfully,

*Iris Bent*

*- Soothed and Calmed during Strain & Tension*

Something to be  
proud of....

WINNING PERFORMANCES  
OF MISS IRIS BENT

2-mile Grass Track B Grade

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20 mile Victorian Championship

(at 15 years of age)

1/2 mile Victorian Championship

March, 1946 (Amateur)

March, 1947, (Professional)

September, 1947, (Professional)

Brenock Park, January, 1948, (Professional)

Congratulations to an up-and-doing young Australian!

This is an age of youth . . . . . youth . . . . . keen, vigorous, self reliant, confident. As youth re-shapes our world of yesterday, old ideas, methods and customs give way to new. Change is all around us. Yet one thing remains unchanged amid it all . . . . . and that is the leadership of 'ASPRO'!

'ASPRO', after more than 30 years, is in bigger demand than ever simply because it has never failed to do what it is claimed to do. For colds and 'flu, headache and pain 'ASPRO' is still the same amazing combination of swift effectiveness and absolute safety for young and old alike.

### 3 WAYS TO TAKE 'ASPRO' for COLDS and FLU

Head those sneezes and sniffles. Take 'ASPRO' at the first inkling that something is amiss and you've taken the first constructive step. Often colds and 'flu are accompanied by aches, pains or rheumatic twinges. 'ASPRO' will bring you immediate relief from these discomforts.

Three 'ASPRO' tablets mixed in a half-glass of water make an effective gargle for sore throat. The tiny particles of 'ASPRO' cling to the lining of the throat exerting their effect at the root of the trouble. Gargling with 'ASPRO' should be repeated every few hours while trouble persists. Gargling every morning too, is a measure of precaution against infection when colds are very prevalent.

If your 'flu or cold needs to be tackled in earnest the best method is to take two or three 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink on retiring. Thoroughly covered up in bed you will get the full benefit of the anti-pyretic (fever reducing) properties of 'ASPRO'. In the morning you'll feel relieved and fit once again.



### THE SAFE WAY TO RELIEVE:

COLDS	TEMPERATURE
INFLUENZA	FEVERISHNESS
LUMBAGO	SORE THROAT
SCATICA	IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS	RHEUMATISM
TOOTHACHE	HEADACHE
NEURALGIA	NERVE PAINS
SLEEPLESSNESS	PERIODIC PAIN

"MORNING AFTER"



# 'ASPRO'

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Nicholas Product



# Handsome stars in brilliant opera company

Slim, young, they look right for their roles

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

With voices unrivalled in the whole of Italy, dazzling wardrobes of rich costumes, and magnificent and authentic settings, a company of artists arrives next week from Venice for the first Grand Opera season in Australia since 1934-35.

At a cost of £100,000 (or £1000 a performance) J. C. Williamson is presenting a season of twenty operas, opening in Melbourne on August 14 with a gala performance of "Aida." Sydney season is planned for November.

**A** PART from their voices the most striking thing about the members of this opera company is their good looks and youthfulness.

"Films have had an influence on opera stars. The demand is for prima donnas who look as well as sing the part," Aldo Ferracuti, the lyric tenor, told me.

"The male singers aren't heavily 'chaasied' any more, either," said Ferracuti. He threw back his raincoat to show a well-knit figure and fine chest.

A great personal friend of Gigli and that darling of the opera of nearly twenty years ago, Toti dal Monte, Ferracuti has much to say about them.

They take second place in his affections only to Caruso and Melba, and his teacher, Dino Borgioli.

"We are the youngest opera company to go abroad," Ferracuti said. "Singers complete their training earlier now, and directors give them their opportunities while they are still young. That is one reason why we have finer figures."

"Ten years ago we had to await our opportunities. By the time they came we were on the heavy side."

"There are wonderful chances for singers in small theatres all over Italy—which helps them to get into the large theatres while still young."

Ferracuti is in his middle thirties—but he is about the oldest artist. "The sopranos are real glamor girls," he said. "Rina Malatrasi is our pocket prima donna. She is very sweet, very petite."

"The best 'Butterfly' I've seen," Mr. J. Nevin Tait told me after he heard her in Milan. "Young—just over 23—pretty, small, and winsome looking—quite irresistible. I knew we couldn't go without that lovely voice, face, and figure."

But there was a snag. Malatrasi didn't want to leave Italy.

"You might find a husband," Mr. Tait coaxed her.

And romantic, unmarried, pretty, and very lively Rina changed her mind—though still protesting she didn't want to leave Italy.

Baby of the party is fair-haired Rina Mariato. She is only 21 years old. A light coloratura, she sings "Traviata"—sang it 21 times in Naples for Mr. Tait.

Rina looks less like an Italian opera singer than any other in the country. A Sicilian, she is more like a pretty Dutch doll, with fair hair, blue eyes, and pink cheeks—and a wide, youthful smile.

A fine artist for classical opera, auburn-haired Mercedes Fortunati sings in "Othello," "Tosca," and "Faust." is a lyric (dramatic) so-



DRAMATIC SOPRANO Germana di Giulio, one of the youthful, petite women singers of the company.



MARRIED COUPLE. Mercedes Fortunati, lyric soprano, and her husband, Antonio Cassinelli, basso, have both played in operatic films.

mospheric effects are most realistic. "A production to-day is an artistic triumph from beginning to end. It wasn't always so."

Costumes for the opera company have cost J. C. Williamson Ltd. a round £30,000. The wigs alone cost £1000, and the shoes £1500.

"There has been as much time and thought spent on these details as on choosing the stars," he said.

Half of the costumes and scenery comes from the greatest costumer in Rome, Nofri, and Bruno Nofri, of that firm, and his wife are travelling with the company as stage directors.

In the company is a dramatic tenor so like Caruso that he is practically always under offer to play the part of Caruso in films.

His name is Rafael Lagares. He will sing Radames in "Aida."

Tallest, handsomest, and most courted is bass singer Plinio Clabassi. Once a member of the King of Italy's bodyguard, he has a splendid voice.

Adello Zagonara is a "utility" artist. This sparse-sounding word has a much richer meaning in Italian opera, for he is the second tenor.

He is an important person in opera; just as important as the principals. He helps in group singing, duets, part singing.

It was while Ferracuti was singing at the Cambridge Theatre, London, that Mr. Tait chose the singer's wife, Maria Huder, to be the second soprano of the company. Maria is just as famous a swimmer as she is a singer.

Maria is longing to surf in Australia. She is very good-looking, smart, and speaks several languages.

Ferracuti and Huder know more about Australia than any of the other artists.

"Dino Borgioli, my teacher, and his Australian wife have taught me a lot about your country," Ferracuti said.

All the opera singers love their spaghetti. And they are taking out a supply just in case.

Hostesses who would give them a real treat must first find some rice—there's none in Italy and they are hoping for a taste in Australia. Parmesan cheese is another delicacy they look forward to.

The season is providing wonderful experience for Australian singers and musicians.

Forty singers have been selected in Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia for the chorus, and in addition there will also be Australian "supers" for the more spectacular operas.

Two Sydney singers, Eleanor Houston (soprano) and Lorenzo



HANDSOME Aldo Ferracuti, tenor, plans to go fishing here.

prano. She has played in operatic films.

Mercedes is married to Antonio Cassinelli, who will sing Mephistopheles in "Faust" and similar roles.

Antonio is a film star, too. He made a number of operatic films, including "Lohengrin."

"Films have smartened up opera," Mr. Tait told me. "Costumes made for the films are acquired by the opera companies in Italy. So the films play fairly godmother by helping with the high cost of production."

"The most satisfying development about opera in Italy to-day is the standard of wonderful productions and settings."

"Some of the panorama backgrounds with star, cloud, and at-



BLONDE SICILIAN, Rina Mariato, aged 21, is youngest member of the company.



PRINCIPAL BASSO, Antonio Cassinelli, will sing Mephistopheles in "Faust" and similar roles.



MARIA HUDER is famous as a swimmer as well as a singer. She is married to Aldo Ferracuti.



LIGHT BARITONE, good-looking Ferdinando U. Donati, has sung for the B.B.C.

Noian (tenor), will sing secondary roles, and will also alternate with Italian singers in some of the principal roles.

Maxwell Cohen, Melbourne baritone, postponed a trip abroad to gain experience with the company singing minor roles.

Other local singers are under consideration for minor roles. Their names will be announced when the opera company reaches Melbourne.

The orchestra of 43 Australian musicians will be under the direction of Italian conductor Franco Ghioni.

Finance of the opera season has been helped by formation of the Educational, Music, and Dramatic Art Society, which is similar in its aims to the British Council.

It has enrolled guarantors willing to provide ten guineas each. For this they obtain preferential bookings for the season.

The scheme is largely the idea of a Melbourne chartered accountant, Mr. E. B. Edwards. He acts as secretary for the Society's council of six business men—Messrs. James McKee, president; C. R. Hansen, H. Armstrong, J. Breen, I. MacDonald, and himself.

Already the Society has received 200 requests for membership.

If there is a surplus in hand after the opera season, the Society plans to assist in bringing out other companies, such as ballet or Shakespearean players.

The members feel that Australian singers, actors, and dancers should have an opportunity of seeing overseas celebrities here and be given a chance to work with them.



## THE PRICE OF FAME

ONE of the penalties of fame is loss of privacy.

Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, now conquering Sydney after victories in Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Hobart, must sometimes wonder if a little less success might have made their private lives easier.

Wherever they go they are pursued, jostled, and quizzed by avid or adoring admirers. In Queensland, they had to flee from their hotel to a private house to escape these attentions.

They must find it hard now to remember that once it was a gratifying pointer to success to hear whispers of recognition, to know that their appearance caused heads to turn and elbows to nudge.

Sweet, indeed, were those beginnings of fame which have grown into the embarrassments of to-day. The whisper has become a shout and the nudge a shove.

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh are too deeply steeped in the tradition of the theatre to wish any of this to end.

Fame and fortune are theirs to-day. The plaudits of those who delight in seeing Henry V or Scarlett O'Hara abroad in Australian streets are proof of their high place in public affection.

They can find pleasure in it all as a tribute not to themselves alone, but also to the art of the theatre to which they have dedicated their lives and talents.

May the day never come when either of these two great artists can walk down Pitt Street or Piccadilly without creating a stir.

# WORTH Reporting

HAZEL



"This guy sends me."

A YEAR ago a six-year-old Alsatian dog, Susie, was flown from her home at Stockport, Cheshire, England, to new owners in South Devon.

A fortnight ago Susie turned up again in Stockport, after a 200-mile journey, guided only by instinct.

When she walked, footsore and bedraggled, into her former home, she staggered up to Mrs. L. Susman, who had reared her from birth, and licked her face. Then she rubbed herself against two-year-old Alexandra Susman, who was playing in the kitchen.

"She then tried to go upstairs," said Mrs. Susman. "She was trying to find my other daughter, 12-year-old Hilary, who was ill in bed. She and Hilary had always been special friends."

"But poor Susie was so weak that she couldn't drag herself up even the first step, and just lay there whimpering."

"I shall never let her go away again," says Mrs. Susman.

A veterinary surgeon at the Stockport animal dispensary, where Susie was treated for starvation and lacerated feet, said, "The dog must have been walking for four or five months."

## IN THE EYE OF THE REHOLDER

Our eye was attracted the other day by a beautiful young girl walking along a city street, wearing the last word in winter fashions—long, voluminous coat with a flared back and a hood, and high ankle-strap shoes.

Some men, unloading a truck stored at her in amazement. Said one: "Crikey, Bill, what would you call that?"

"The hooded terror," said Bill.

## New dish

SMOKED seal will soon appear on the Victorian market.

According to Victoria's Chief Inspector of Fisheries and Game, Mr. A. D. Butcher, it is more palatable than it sounds, and is popular with housewives overseas.

Seals in Victorian waters have been interfering with the fishing industry, so the Government has agreed to the slaughter, by approved supervised methods, of 2000 Victorian seals. Professional fishermen will assist in the scheme.

The best portions of the carcasses will be smoked for human consumption, the remainder tinned for poultry fodder. The livers will yield valuable oil, and the hides will be tanned for use in leather goods.

## String bags

MRS. I. H. WHITE, of Melbourne, has from a small beginning helped blind ex-servicemen to make and market £17,000 worth of string bags in Australia and abroad.

Mrs. White, who is accompanying her husband, commanding officer of a party of blind ex-servicemen, to St. Dunstan's, famous English training centre for the blind, told us the story of how she launched the string bag making.

She bought a ball of twine for 3/6 and persuaded an exceptionally fine, but broken-hearted, sightless Digger to make a string bag for the girl with whom he was in love.

The achievement brought about such a change in his attitude to life that Mrs. White persuaded other men to take up the work commercially.

She even took a special business course training to equip her for the job of handling big marketing.

## Babies earn money

BABY models have been so much in demand for advertisements in America that some of the New York agencies are using as many baby models as grown-up girls.

One 13-year-old model, who has been working steadily since she was two, earned £3000 last year.

However, Walter Thornton, a well-known model agent, says he turns down 50 to 75 per cent. of the applicants, and many of the children whom he accepts on his list never get any paid jobs.

Recently at one of the big agencies a telephone call was received from a woman who wanted to register her child as a model.

"Is the child a boy or a girl?" asked the agency secretary.

"How do I know?" said the woman. "It hasn't been born yet!"

## Bazaar bargains

BAZAARS have become so popular with bargain hunters in Britain that this summer promoters are admitting people by ticket only. Otherwise dealers in old clothes, embroideries, and antiques swarm into halls and tents and secure the pick of the stock before the locals have a chance.

Not long ago a London antique dealer bought a pair of Bristol glass bowls at a parish church bazaar. He paid 2/6 for the pair and sold them within 24 hours for £15.

## Attractive baskets

ONE excellent aspect of handicraft teaching by the Country Women's Association is the instruction given country women in using products of their districts for various crafts.

At the recent C.W.A. exhibition of members' work at the Adelaide Town Hall there were all types of baskets made from river rushes and reeds; watsonia, gladiolus, and red-hot poker leaves; pine needles, and lavender stalks.

Plaited and entwined rushes made firewood and laundry baskets, dolls' prams, and a charming basket for a baby. Fragrant work-baskets were made from lavender stalks.

In one attractive shopping-basket were combined rushes, reeds, and gladiolus, watsonia, and red-hot poker leaves. As each of these dried a different color, from cream and palest green to dark brown, the effect was variegated and striking.

Mrs. C. E. Dolling, deputy State President of South Australia's C.W.A., who organised the exhibition, said that in at least 50 per cent. of the industries taught by the association hand products are used.

Sheepskins and kangaroo skins are used for rugs, slippers, and toy-making. The Spinners' Guild teaches spinning, carding, and grading, so that wool straight from the sheep's back is made into baby shawls.

Clay from river beds is used in pottery, and those branches which have access to clay send supplies to other branches.

## Musical craze

DURING the past year more recorders have been sold in Sydney than any other true musical instrument. (Mouth organs, not properly classed as a musical instrument, still top sales.)

A recorder is a flute-like instrument dating from medieval times.

"How the craze started, or why, we don't know," the manager of the instrument department of one of Sydney's musical stores told us. "But for the past 12 months recorder sales have been going up and up."

"One thing we have noticed is that parents who bring their children in to buy recorders for school use (there are something like 150 recorder bands in N.S.W. schools alone) frequently come back to buy one for themselves," he told us.

"We can find no evidence of any particular age group adopting recorders for their special use," he continued, "but there is reason to suspect that a lot of people who play no instrument and are frightened of taking one up in case they are laughed at have bought recorders." "You can easily teach yourself," a young man who has recently taken up the recorder told us. "After three weeks I was playing folk tunes, carols, and even simply arranged Brahms."

"After a bit more practice I want to play in a group. You get the greatest fun out of recorders that way. There is plenty of music arranged for duets, trios, and rounds."

In the course of our investigations we learnt the following facts: The word recorder comes from the old English verb "record," meaning to sing like a bird. Shakespeare is full of references to the recorder. Samuel Pepys in his diary mentions buying one.

The recorder is a first-class musical instrument, popular with serious musicians because of its pure, flute-like tone. Because it is a simple instrument to play it offers the easiest way of learning to read music.

## Yugoslav's letter

SOME time ago the Lord Mayor of Melbourne received from Mrs. Lenka Domancic-Peric, of Hvar, Dalmatia, Yugoslavia, a letter asking in quaint English for a small gift of wool for spinning.

The letter was sent to the Australian Wool Board, which posted her some wool. In acknowledgment she sent the Board a beautiful bag woven from the wool.

Later, the secretary of the Wool Board, Miss MacKinnon, received a letter from Mrs. Domancic-Peric, part of which ran:

"It is a great pleasure for me to know that my handicraft made such a good impression. Our nation (Croatian) is very talented and show in the museums the wonderful handicraft of most various technique and motifs. This is all our pride but in the whole history we have time of mourning; we are an unlucky people."

"Our provinces used only hand-woven dresses with charming designs but if the after-war circumstances will remain, all this beauty will be a museum's rarity, because the raw wool is required."

"No cotton, no silk is to buy, no manufactured articles. We are so poorly dressed, so miserably nourished, you cannot imagine. And we have no hope to be better."

"To spin your wool it is a joy. As my spinning wheel may sing a spring's song. With this letter our correspondence could be finished, which I regret very much, because it was a connection with the world, and a joy to my tired mind, a consolation in such a hopeless life."

"But perhaps you will be once more disposed to offer me some pleasure, and if I can reward me I shall be happy."

"Please give my salutations to the Board and best wishes to you."

Miss MacKinnon then wrote again, and sent Mrs. Domancic-Peric a food parcel, so the correspondence is still unfinished.

## IT SEEMS TO ME

By

Dorothy Drain

THERE are times when working on a newspaper seems nearly as good as sitting on a rock and fishing. Last week was one of them. Reason—the Oliviers, whose opening night was preceded by the most exhilarating Press interview it's ever been my luck to attend.

Sometimes stage celebrities are disappointing at close quarters. (I once met a singer who was so bad-tempered that I never enjoyed his glorious voice so much again.)

The Oliviers are really exciting to meet, because you find out so many extra things about them.

Everyone knows they're good-looking—there was a pressman on the outskirts of the gathering who could only mutter incoherently "The most beautiful woman I've ever seen"—but, if they were plain, hard as it is to imagine, they'd still be fascinating.

WHEN Sir Laurence answers questions he answers them with such liveliness, such earnest anxiety to express exactly what he means with exactly the right word, that you realise why social engagements can be so exhausting to him.

At times, especially when the inevitable questions were asked about the prospects of the stage in Australia and the projected National Theatre, you felt that he was racked between saying emphatically what he thought and desperately avoiding an answer which, quoted baldly, might give offence.

And there was a moment at the party which followed the interview when he gave one brilliant glimpse of himself as an actor.

He was explaining the dangers that could lie in a National Theatre, how, as in some countries, it could become too much of an institution, a museum.

"The result can be," he said, "that you get an old man of 75 playing Cyrano . . ." Sir Laurence, glass in hand, gestured. For one brief second he WAS an old man of 75 playing the part of a young man . . .

VIVIEN LEIGH's beauty is so flawless that all she would need to do off-stage is present a picture to be looked at. "Don't stare," we were all told as children. But allowances must be made in special circumstances, and Miss Leigh is a special circumstance.

Creamy pallid, perfect complexion, not a hint of a line, those eyes, framed by the big black hat . . .

All that, and an actress, too, should be enough for any woman, but Vivien Leigh is amusing as well.

She knows so much about Australian animals already that it would take Mr. Ellis Troughton, of "Furred Animals of Australia" fame, to keep up with her in the conversation.

"Were you always interested in natural history?" someone asked in an awed voice.

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "I don't like insects. They're part of natural history, aren't they? But animals . . . and from that point we got on naturally to her favorite Siamese cats."

She had 16 of them once. She has one that she takes with her everywhere in London. "I get letters from him," she said. "My maid writes them for him."

THERE'S a popular public comment on reporting which has become a cynical catch phrase among journalists. It is, "You must meet such interesting people." Sometimes you do!

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Most of that stuff is his fuhin' equipment."





# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to Tago Isle. Natives tell them the island is ruled by an old woman known as

**THE WITCH OF TAGO:** After many strange happenings the "Witch" removes her disguise and appears as a charming old lady. She introduces her daughter and granddaughter, and tells them she came to the island with her husband and son-in-law. The savage natives killed the men, but she frightened them away by posing as a witch. **NOW READ ON:**

"HERE IS THE 'FLYING WITCH,' MADE LIKE A BALLOON, WE KEPT IT ON THE ROOF. WHEN TROUBLE APPROACHED, WE FILLED IT WITH HOT AIR, LIKE THIS."



"THEN, WE'D LET IT DRIFT INTO THE AIR. AFTER THE NATIVES FLED, MY LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTER WOULD GO DOWN INTO THE WOODS AND BRING IT BACK. YOU ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO WEREN'T TOO SCARED TO COME BACK."



"ONE THING MORE," SAYS BARTON. "WE HAD NO INTENTION OF ROBBING YOU OF THAT FLAME PEARL, BUT I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE SOURCE OF THOSE RARE PEARLS FOR MONTHS. WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"



THE OLD "WITCH" HAS A BARGAIN. SHE WILL TELL BARTON WHERE SHE GOT THE FLAME PEARL, IF HE WILL TAKE THEM ALONG ON THE YACHT AWAY FROM TAGO ISLE. BARTON AGREES, EAGERLY.



"A NATIVE BOY BROUGHT THE FLAME PEARL TO ME, AS A PEACE OFFERING. HE SAID HE FOUND IT IN THE LAND OF GIANTS, TWO MONTHS' CANOE TRAVEL FROM HERE. -- 'LAND OF GIANTS?' DO YOU MEAN REAL GIANTS?" ASKS BARTON.



"WHO KNOWS?" REPLIES THE "WITCH." AND AS THE ARGOS STEAMS AWAY FROM TAGO, ALL WONDER. -- AS BETTY SAYS, "WE'RE CERTAINLY MEETING SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE ON THIS TRIP."



AT DUSK, ON THE FIFTH DAY, THEY REACH A VAST, REMOTE ISLAND WITH SHEER CLIFFS AND PEAKS WHOSE SUMMITS ARE LOST IN THE CLOUDS. CAN THIS BE THE LAND OF GIANTS?



EVERYBODY WANTS TO EXPLORE AT ONCE. "NO," DECIDES MANDRAKE. "LOTHAR AND I WILL GO FIRST. AND SEE WHAT WE'RE GETTING INTO." BUT BETTY INSISTS. SHE WANTS TO GO, TOO.

TO BE CONTINUED

## TALKING OF FILMS

By  
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★★ *Les Enfants du Paradis*  
(Children of the Gods)

TO keep onlookers absorbed through almost three hours' screening time of a film which has English sub-titles to explain French dialogue is quite an achievement.

With only rusty French at my command, it became a race between the eyes and the ears as sub-consciously I tried to follow the French dialogue of "Les Enfants du Paradis" in time to intercept the English translation.

J. C. Williamson Ltd. are releasing the film to celebrate the opening of the Variety as a theatre for screening Continental productions.

During the Nazi occupation of Paris the team of writer Jacques Prevert and director Marcel Carne put their heads together and the result is the most expensive product ever turned out by a French studio.

It is worth every franc.

Title of the film may mislead people, as it refers really to the audience which frequented the cheapest seats in the theatres, known as the "gods."

On to a screen which almost bulges with people and scenes there is projected a long rambling story about theatre life in Paris in 1848.

Characters appear and disappear as a sort of Greek chorus to the film's main personalities.

Yet every one of them fits neatly into the pattern, whether the mood they bring is one of tragedy or comedy.

The love story of beautiful actress Garance (Arietty) and the strange, whimsical, sensitive mimic Baptiste (Jean Louis Barrault) weaves its way through their success in their theatrical professions and the queer tragedy of their personal relations.

Arietty is a beautiful and mature woman. Her serenity and her glowing expressive eyes speak so eloquently that it wouldn't matter if she was talking in Hindustani instead of musical French.

From Jean Louis Barrault there comes a masterpiece of acting. He appears in the tragic-comedy guise of a clown.

Pierre Brasseur, as a flamboyant actor and rival of Jean Louis Barrault, is a handsome man with a lusty style, reminiscent of the more fruity type of Shakespearean exponents of past generations.

Outstanding among the players with smaller roles is Marcel Hermand, who is sinister enough to give anyone the shivers.

★ Hazard

ANY girl in real life who behaved like the character of Ellen Crane in Paramount's melodrama-cum-farce "Hazard" would be smartly deprived of liberty by justly irritated relatives.

Paulette Goddard, who plays Ellen, is effective in both drama and comedy.

Ellen Crane is a psychopathic case, who gambles away a fortune, swashes on a bet, and rushes round the country evading all pursuers, whom she double-crosses with the utmost alacrity.

All of this is played as broad farce—some of the situations are lifted almost straight from the old success "It Happened One Night."

But it is unforgivably bad taste to suggest that the reason for Ellen's anti-social behaviour is sorrow over the loss of her fiancé during the war.

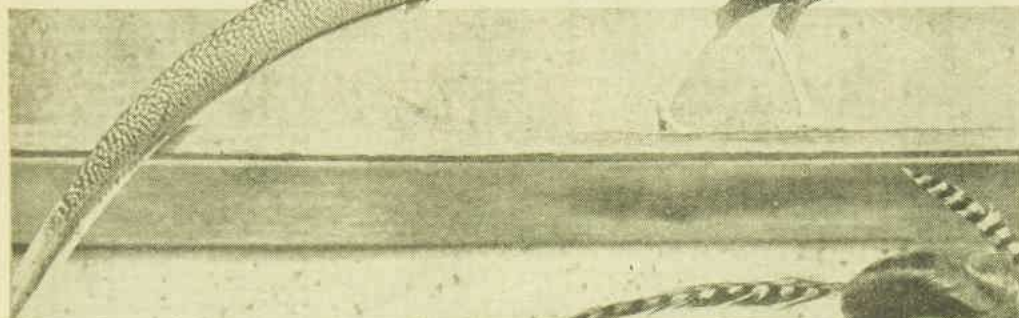
Macdonald Carey, now risen to the status of leading man, is a personable fellow with a flair for comedy which could be used to better effect.

The film is at the Prince Edward.



# Pheasants are always in fashion with breeders

Pair of these lovely birds costs up to 60 guineas



CHAMPION Golden Pheasant, owned by Mr. A. W. Beach, won first prize at Royal Easter Show. Brilliant colors of plumage include red, orange, steel-blue, and green.

By staff reporter JOAN POWE

Members of Australia's most exclusive group of bird lovers, the Ornamental Pheasant Society, formed to breed and raise what they consider "the most magnificent birds in the world," are finding that their hobby has gone to the head, quite literally, this winter.

Since fashion decreed that pheasant feathers are the smart millinery trimming this season, women have been laying hands on every available pheasant quill, the longer the better, to flaunt in new-style hats.

**T**HOUGH they don't mind giving away or selling occasional feathers, members of the Ornamental Pheasant Society of Australia are unmoved by the strange vagaries of fashion.

With the singlemindedness of the true bird fancier, they assert emphatically that they would rather see a speckled Reeves pheasant feather adorning a prize bird than the headgear of the smartest society woman.

They are horrified by one milliner's suggestion that they should filch a few feathers to meet this winter's demand, instead of waiting for the feathers to drop in the January-February moulting season.

Affiliated with the old-established and respected Ornamental Pheasant Society of Great Britain, members of this society (they call themselves pheasant fanciers, scornful of the British term, "pheasantists") number more than 100, and are scattered throughout Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

"Pheasants were first imported into Australia 30 years ago, and our society was formed five years ago to bring together those interested in the betterment of the breed," honorary secretary and founder, Mr. A. W. Beach, of French's Forest, Sydney, told me.

"We pride ourselves on the rarity of our breeds, for pheasants are among the most difficult birds to raise, and are therefore quite expensive," he said.

Despite the embargo on importing pheasants which has continued since the beginning of the war, the Ornamental Pheasant Society made history this year by exhibiting their birds for the first time at a Royal Easter Show. A specially appointed expert judged 31 birds, ranging from Silver Golden, and Ringnecked pheasants to the rarer Reeves birds.

If you wanted to buy a pair of pheasants, they would cost you anything from £12/2/- to 60 guineas.

The common or speckled Ringnecked pheasants, which have no ornamental function, are cheap, but the colorful Tragopans, Impeyans, or Malay Argus are so rare that they cannot be bought at any price.

"The pheasant is one of the most delicate and timid of birds ever kept in captivity," Mr. Beach said. "It is susceptible to almost every known disease in the first three months, and a cold snap can kill off a whole covey. They're also almost unbelievably timid and highly strung."

Suffering as it does from nerves, the pheasant gives a literal demonstration of the expression, "hitting the roof," every time a stranger approaches its cage. One of Mr. Beach's prize birds panicked, struck its head on the top of the aviary,

**SPECTACULAR** tail feathers of Reeves Pheasant provide enough quills for eight model hats. This prize bird belongs to Miss Hayter, is held by Mrs. Gloria Boulden.

and broke its neck as a result of this falling.

They also do their best to increase the mortality rate by developing unexpected savage and pugnacious traits during the breeding season.

"Last season I had one hen bird that pecked three cocks to death before I could stop her," Mr. Beach will tell you regretfully.

But the trials and anxiety of trying to raise birds which can never be regarded as any sort of a pet ("Only one in a thousand ever becomes tame enough to feed out of your hand," says Mr. Beach) is offset by the pride felt by successful fanciers in owning one.

Young birds do not "color" until they are 12 months old, when the mousy-fawn feathers moult, and the cock grows a whole new tail and vivid feather combination.

Each cock pheasant has eight long quills in the tail, as well as shorter speckled wing feathers, so that one bird can provide trimmings for quite a lot of hats. During the moulting season Mr. Beach's wife sells peacock and pheasant feathers to milliners, averaging 3/6 a quill.

Although import restrictions make the supply of pheasants very scarce in Australia, two women members have made quite a profitable sideline out of running a pheasant farm, where they breed rare ornamental varieties and sell the eggs, which are very difficult to hatch.

They are Miss Ethel Hayter and her partner, Miss Joyce King, who run the farm at Miss Hayter's home at Flemington, charging up to 10/- each for the eggs of a rare variety of pheasant.

"There are a lot of pitfalls in



PHEASANT FARM is conducted by Miss Ethel Hayter (above), who is foundation member of society. She sells eggs to pheasant fanciers.

raising pheasants, whichever way you look at it," Miss Hayter said. "Most pheasant hens lay about 16 eggs a season, but you're lucky if they hatch out two or three birds."

"The pheasant hens are very bad mothers and eat their eggs, so we usually hatch eggs by putting them under bantams."

The baby birds are fed on white ants, meal, worm and other insect food when young, and will die if given bread, crumbs, or wet mash.

"There's nothing common about ornamental pheasants," Miss Hayter said. "They're a bit out of the ordinary, and they'll always be rare because they're so hard to raise. That's why I like keeping them as a hobby."

And that seems to be the feeling of most of the members. Whether pheasant feathers are fashionable or dowdy, members of the Ornamental Pheasant Society of Australia will still be devoted to their hobby and proud of their birds. They're exclusive, and they like it that way.



HANDSOME PLUMAGE of the Silver Pheasant cock contrasts with insignificance of hens. Mr. A. W. Beach (above) has 20 birds.



FLOWER PHEASANT, or Lady Amherst, from Eastern Tibet, is one of the rarer ornamental birds. This one, also owned by Mr. Beach, is valued at £15.



# Old Vic Company's spectacular opening



MEMBERS OF OLD VIC COMPANY taking curtain call after "The School for Scandal." From left: Mercia Swinburne, James Relph, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Eileen Beldou, Peter Cushing, Peggy Simpson.



AFTER PERFORMANCE, Vivien Leigh photographed at her dressing-table backstage at the Tivoli Theatre. Later Miss Leigh helped cook supper for her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, at their Cremorne flat.



LOVELY GOWNS AND FURS were worn by first-nighters. Mrs. Herbert Douglass, who is one of Sydney's smartest matrons, arriving with her son Gordon. Mrs. Douglass' party hat in a box near the stage.



LADY OLIVIER wore an unusual black velvet hood when she and her husband left the theatre for the party after the performance.



AT INTERVAL. Mrs. Neil Hutchison and Mr. Pat Garvan. Mr. Garvan was among the few first-nighters who arrived wearing a top hat. Hundreds of people waited outside theatre to watch audience arrive.



AT PARTY following premiere, Loudon Sainthill, who designed the cover of the programme, with another young Australian artist, Jocelyn Rickards.



YOUNG PEOPLE attended first night. Brother and sister, Dale and Rosemary Turnbull, attended premiere with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turnbull.



GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Mr. W. J. McKell, and Mrs. McKell attended the first night and were greeted by Mr. Dan O'Connor, who is handling the Old Vic tour.



ORCHIDS AND FURS worn by Mrs. Ben Fuller (left), who came with her young daughter Pat and Mrs. Gloria Miller. They also remained for the party afterwards.



# The Beautiful Constituent

WITH a sigh, George said: "As you know, I have been offered the chairmanship of that commission to go to Europe. I'll have to be there several months. Since I am one of the greatest advocates of a non-fraternisation policy, I can't, with justice, take you with me. It's hypocritical and unfair to preach non-fraternisation to soldiers when one is comfortably established with a wife oneself."

He gulped a little, then hurried on. "On the other hand, it is wholly impossible to ask you to wait for me. You're young and lovely, and your life should not be committed to delays and the uncertain future. Fortunately, your letter makes me feel you can appreciate my dilemma. There is no choice for either of us between love and duty, is there?"

"No, I don't think there is," Lily said dully.

"Well," Representative Handley said unhappily, "thanks again. Don't mention it," Lily said.

He went out of her life, limping slightly, and she folded in a chair and began to weep. Dorothy peeped in the doorway, gasped, and backed off.

In a minute, Representative Handley was back. He gathered Lily into his trembling arms, and she wailed in his ear.

"I can't stand it," Representative Handley said. "When Dorothy told me you were crying— The heck with the commission. I'll send a wire of refusal. It's all right, Lily. Please don't cry."

"I'm crying with happiness now," Lily said, when she was able. "Can't you tell the difference? Look, you

Continued from page 4

can go to Europe. What does it matter in the long run?"

"All right," Representative Handley said. "I'll do it. You're perfect, Lily. You know, if I'd had any inkling I was going to meet you, I wouldn't have tried to run this country."

They smiled at each other, rattled but happy. Dorothy beamed on them. Lance and Francis came in. Lily stared at her brother in awe.

"Rebellion, confusion, despair, delusive optimism, rationalism, and acceptance," she said. "My gosh, I've made every stop!"

"Are you surprised?" Francis said. "Science is—"

"I'll tell you something," Dorothy interrupted. "Lance is stuck on Francis!"

"I am not!" Lance said.

"Utterly absurd," Francis said, and got beet red. "We have a common interest in psychological manifestations, but—"

"She is so," Dorothy said. "I can tell."

"That's a lie!" Lance said.

"Girls, to me," Francis said, "are merely a phenomenon worthy of an unemotional investigation."

He would have gone on but for the fact that Lance slapped his face, burst into tears, and rushed from the house. Gazing at the happy couple before him, Francis put a wondering hand to his cheek. "I do not," he said, "understand women."

(Copyright)

# Continuing . . . Mountain Prelude

from page 10

JERRY hoed until well into the afternoon. He worked at a steady pace, and did three more rows than had been assigned to him. He guessed at the time from the sun.

"Now if these cows'll please just be in the near pasture—"

He put away his hoe in the tool shed. He stuck his hands into his pockets and strolled away in the direction of the pastures. Out of sight of the orphanage he wheeled and ran as fast as he could to the cottage.

Jock went wild with joy. His whines and sharp barks said plainly that he had been sure he was abandoned forever. Jerry took him outside for a run, then fixed a pan of dog biscuit and milk, and added the meat and bread he had saved from his own dinner.

The dog ate every scrap and licked the pan. Jerry started for the door. Jock barked anxiously.

Jerry said to him, "Now you hush that. You got to trust me. I got it all figured out. I got to go drive in the cows. If they ain't too far off, I'll have 'em in the barn quick'n you can wag your tail. And then I'll miss my supper, and come right back here to you. See?"

Jock tilted his head, listening carefully, but while the tone was reassuring, he was dubious.

Jerry went away and closed the back door without locking it. Jock gave a low moan. He looked at the door. He did not know a lock from a leash, but some instinct told him that the knob of that door was worth working on.

He took the knob in his mouth and worried it this way and that, and the door sprang ajar. He pushed it wide with his nose and jumped upon the screen door which swung open, too. He trotted unerringly in the direction Jerry had taken.

At the top of the hill he looked around him. He was not far behind Jerry. He lifted his nose high, and the wonderful boy smell reached him. He cut across a vegetable patch down into a hollow, crossed a willow-bordered shallow stream, and saw Jerry in the meadow.

Then he saw the cows. They were being frisky and obstreperous. Jerry was having trouble with them. They saw the dog before Jerry did. They formed a semi-circle and lowered their heads and stared.

Jerry turned around to see what had attracted their attention. Jock was approaching him, belly to the ground, decidedly uncertain about the large animals a few yards away.

Jerry groaned. "Now I've done it! I must of left the door open. Go home, Jock! Go home!"

Jock did not have the faintest intention of going home. He was an exceptionally obedient dog, but if he went home he would not be with Jerry. He sat on his haunches and lolled his tongue and laughed. Jerry was almost in tears.

"Please go home, feller!" he begged. "If the cows ain't up on time, they'll send somebody out to look, and you'll spoil everything."

Jock lay down and waved his tail. Jerry stamped his foot. "Go home, sir! Go home!"

Jock rolled over on his back and stuck all four feet in the air. "Home" was wherever Jerry was, so what was all the fuss about? The cows began milling around, lowing.

Jerry said in desperation, "Well, just keep out o' the way, then. I got to get these cows to the barn."

He moved behind them and waved his arms. They herded obstinately to the left, instead of ahead. Jerry dashed to the left and turned them. They made a dash to the right, to the freedom of the open field. Jerry ran to cut them off. They turned to the left. They stopped in surprise.

Jock was moving in on them slowly. From far back in his Scottish Highland ancestry, the sheep dog had come to life. The ancient herding impulse had stirred.

## Your Coupons

TEA: 21-32 (21-24 expire July 11, when 21-36 become available).  
BUTTER: 22-34 (expire July 11, when 22-27 become available).

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Neither Jerry nor the cows understood that the dog's movement was more than an accident. Jerry took advantage of it to drive the cows ahead.

When they swerved to the right to avoid the dog, Jerry headed them off. They stopped dead, and now Jock was at their heels, and this time they knew there was no escape. The boy and the dog drove them easily out of the pasture, up the hill, and into the barn. Each cow went amiably to her own stall.

Jerry was excited. He said, "Jock, you can do just anything."

And then it struck him like a blow that the dog was actually on the orphanage grounds, a menace to all future companionship. He heard the voices of the older boys on their way to do the milking. He looked around wildly for a means of escape.

In desperation, finally he started up the ladder to the hayloft, calling softly to Jock. A ladder was as new to Jock as a cow, but if Jerry called him for anything at all except to send him away, he would follow.

He clawed his way, scrambling and slipping, up the unfamiliar rungs, and at the top Jerry seized his shoulders and heaved him into the loft.

The boys were in the barn. There was the clatter of milk pails. A voice said, "It's my turn to pitch down the hay."

Another said, "Tis not neither, it's mine. You get out o' milkin' half the time."

Jerry grabbed the pitchfork in a corner of the loft and began to fork hay rather desperately. Jock watching on gongolantly.

"Hay comin' down," Jerry called. "The largest boy looked up at him.

"Yeah? If you're senseless enough to work when you don't have to, you just come down and milk, and I'll pitch the hay."

Jerry's answer was to pitch down hay so fast that the boy could not climb the ladder. In a few moments there was a pile on the barn floor sufficient for all the cows. Jerry tossed down the pitchfork after it and came down the ladder.

The large boy said crossly, "All right, you so spry, put it in the troughs."

Jerry said, "They got to have their mash first."

"Well, fetch it," and the boy lifted a threatening hand.

"Just what I was fixin' to do," Jerry went to the feed barrels and distributed mash to the troughs.

The milk pinged into the pails. There was no other sound save the steady munching of the cows and the occasional swish of a tail. Yet there came another sound. Jock, restless in the hayloft, whined.

Jerry said hastily, "Want I should blow some?"

The answers were unanimous: "Don't keef if you do." "Go ahead."

He played "Arkansas Traveller" on the harmonica and the milk pinged in rhythm. He played "The Fox Chase," and the boys grinned.

"Blow some more."

Jock was silent, so Jerry said, "Beckon I best put the hay round."

He divided it up among the troughs, yet not all, for he had pitched down far too much. The milking was finished. The boys stood up with their foaming pails.

The largest boy said suspiciously to Jerry, "What you hangin' around fer? What was you doin' in the hayloft?"

Hey, fellers, he's got somethin' hid up there!"

To be continued



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**POLO AT FORBES.** Mrs. Laurie Morgan, of Scone, Mrs. Dougal Gray, of Forbes, and the latter's guest, Olive Rosenthal, of Melbourne, enjoy tea and scones between matches for the Countess of Dudley Cup.



**RECENT BRIDEGROOM** Kim Patterson gives his wife Pat a bowl of Hungarian goulash served at the informal buffet and dance which followed the first day of play.



**PAVILION LUNCHEON.** Mr. and Mrs. Bob Mackay, of Dungog, and Mrs. Frank Bragg, of Aberdeen (right), have a fork luncheon in the pavilion at the Forbes Showground.



**NEW ZEALAND VISITOR** Colin Matson dances with Jill Corner at Polo Hall. Colin and Jill were guests of the Herbert Gibsons at Riversleigh, Forbes.



**NARROMINE PLAYERS** Binks Mack and Reg Barlow, with Margaret Brownhill, of Mudgee, photographed watching the opening match between Forbes "B" and Wellington teams.

## Dudley Cup POLO

**ENTHUSIASM** of polo followers, who trek to Forbes for Countess of Dudley Cup tournament, is rewarded on opening day with first few hours of sunshine seen in district for several days.

Sun could not dry very wet field at Showground straight away, however, and first four matches are played eight miles out of Forbes on Frank Stitt's property, Weral.

Weather is mighty cold and spectators, seated on car-bonnets, bumper-bars, and shooting-sticks, tuck sheepskin or wool rugs around their legs and feet.

Much jubilation among Dungog visitors when Cup after exciting play, is won by Wirragulla team. Wirragulla is name of property of team's captain, Charlie Hooke.

Phyllis and Ponty Mackay, on sidelines, cheer their respective husbands, Ken and Bob, to victory, and Phyllis also watches her father, Curtis Skene, play his usual superb game for the Town and Country team.

**SIT** next to Mrs. Tom Bray on plane journey to Forbes, and, with all thoughts on good weather for the tournament, we anxiously watch the many clouds as we fly through some and above others. Fellow travellers are "Dummy" Watson and Leslie Rand, of Goulburn, who are guests of the T. H. "Boss" Brays. When I meet Mrs. "Boss" Brays at the Weral field, she tells me she is expecting several more guests, including recent deb. Judy Hunt, who wired that the road to Warren railway station from her home was "pretty muddy," and David Leslie, of Molong. With the exception of Dougal, by the way, the whole Bray family contracted flu at the Mudgee Polo Carnival, and just recovered in time for Forbes tournament. All were disappointed that Mudgee polo was marred by rain.



**YOUTHFUL DANCERS** Jill McKeown, of Wellington, and Jack Lee, of Molong, at the Polo Ball at Forbes Town Hall.



**WARMLY CLAD.** Mrs. John Kelly, of New Haven Park, and Bess Kelly, of Boorowa, watch the recently formed Curringle team, comprising three Kelly brothers and a cousin, play for the Sir J. J. Garvan Cup.



**SLIDE-BACK CAR HOOD** gives Mrs. Wallace Horsley, of Gundagai, and Mrs. Jim Ashton, of Mandarama, a grandstand view of play at the Weral field.

**POLO BALL** at Town Hall is only formal "do," and between end of play on third day and start of dancing few hours later everyone makes a complete change from casual clothes to tails, tuxedos, and lovely gowns and furs. Notice Mrs. Bob Ashton, in midnight-blue, with a grey fox cape, dancing with her husband, and also cast a second look at Mrs. James Macleod, in deep red velvet. Hall is decorated with multi-colored bows and silver cardboard silhouettes of polo players in action. Parties before the dance include buffet dinner given by Mrs. Wallace Meares at Bogabial, and a "sit-down" dinner at the Frank Stitts' home.

**TEEN-AGERS'** dance at Herbert Gibson home, "Riversleigh," Forbes, on second night of tournament simply drips youthful glamor. Plans for dance in honor of Barbara Gibson and the George MacPhillamy's daughter, Rosemary, start off quite modestly, but as more and more people arrive in Forbes, Barbara, Rosemary, and engineering student Peter MacPhillamy issue verbal invitations until the guest list is "anything from 80 to 300."

**THE** Horton-Browns are late arrivals from Young, but Marion is still more or less walking on air, because of her double win at the recent Young Diggers' Race Club meeting with Colonel Joe and Canoodle. The latter horse is a daughter of Puddle, one of Horton's former polo ponies.

**RECEIVE** the very welcome loan of a rug for my cold knees from Patricia Loneragan, who watches her brothers David and John play with the Mudgee team. Pat, just back from England, says she can't get a chance to get her "land legs." She went straight from the boat to the Mudgee train, and was barely home before she set off by car for Forbes, where she promptly mounted a horse to act as marker for several matches. Despite her stay in England, Pat has to get used to our winter again, because she "sort of got unused to cold when dripping through the tropics on the way home."

**BRIEFLY:** Attractive Englishwoman Mrs. Brian Julian, of Forbes, watching her first polo match in several years. She used to follow the polo at the London club, Hurlingham, which she describes as a "big sort of club." . . . Tournament secretary Dudley Evans losing the valuable assistance of his energetic wife when she goes down with flu. . . . Chat with Mrs. Curtis Skene, during which she tells me son Bob, who is in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, with his wife, is now completely at home in the East and is playing lots of polo on fields which were badly damaged by the Japanese. . . . Remark by taxi-driver when polo ponies arrive in town: "Don't they look beautiful — all done up like Shannon."

*Georgie*



# MY WILD IRISH ROSE

★ The life of American ballad singer Chauncey Olcott, filmed in technicolor by Warners, stars Dennis Morgan as Olcott, Andrea King as the famous actress Lillian Russell, and Arlene Dahl as Rose Donovan, who marries Olcott.

"Mother Machree," "My Wild Irish Rose," and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" are among the list of musical numbers.



ANDREA KING (picture at left) as fabulous actress Lillian Russell wears lavish costume for a song number. This is a re-creation of one of Miss Russell's New York recues in 1900, when she was leading star in vaudeville.

DENNIS MORGAN, as singer Chauncey Olcott, and Arlene Dahl, as his sweetheart Rose Donovan, are seen in one of the off-stage sequences, when Rose objects to his friendship with lovely Lillian Russell, his Broadway co-star.



BALLET (left) of seven girls who were chosen from six hundred Hollywood applicants to feature in chorus work. Nicknamed the "Irish Roses," the majority of the girls are making their first film appearance. A contest to select the girls took eight months.

WORKING TOGETHER in a stage show, newcomer Olcott (Morgan) is encouraged by Lillian Russell (Andrea King) before they start rehearsing for a song scene. All the theatre sequences were under the direction of Le Roy Prinz, Warners' dance expert.





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**1 ON SHIP** near England, adventurer Mark Bellis (Ray Milland) meets young widow Olivia Harwood (Ann Todd). Hiding from police, he persuades unsuspecting Olivia to befriend him.

## So Evil My Love



**3 DEVOTION** to Mark makes Olivia agree to blackmail Susan's husband, Henry (Ray Huntley), over letters written by Susan to Olivia.



**5 DELIGHTED** over money from Olivia, Mark resumes old liaison with Kitty Feathers (Moira Lister).



**2 SEEKING MONEY** for Mark, Olivia borrows from Susan Courtney (Geraldine Fitzgerald), who hates her husband and loves Sir John Curle (Rod. Lovell).

**UNDER** the terms of her contract with J. Arthur Rank, English star Ann Todd returned to England after making one film in Hollywood.

With Ray Milland and Geraldine Fitzgerald from America, and a supporting English cast, she appeared in the Paramount British production of the period drama, "So Evil My Love." Producer of the film was Hal Wallis, and it was made on location at Lincoln's Inn Fields under the direction of Mark Evans.



**4 EMPLOYED** by Henry as a companion to his wife, Olivia discovers his cruelty to Susan, who is becoming very neurotic.



**6 DISCOVERY** that Susan has been supplying Olivia with money enrages Henry, who orders Olivia to leave house. Foreseeing failure of blackmail, she poisons him.



**7 MURDER CHARGE** is laid against Susan, who had given Henry the medicine. Repentant Olivia is persuaded by Mark to remain silent, and they plan to leave England.



**8 LEARNING TRUTH** about Mark and Kitty, Olivia stabs him and confesses double murder.

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**A.M.**  
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ONE SHILLING

JULY, 1948

ARTICLES

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- ★ RUSSIA'S BEST-KNOWN SECRET
- ★ EMBARRASSMENT OF Mme. AUMONT
- ★ WEAPONS OF THE FUTURE
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★ 7 SHORT STORIES

★ 16 PAGES OF PICTURES

QUEEN OF ATLANTIS - page 15

**A SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST PAINTS IN BE**  
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A.M. has the  
same size page as the page on which this  
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Gaynor black suede peep toe court with Snake trimmings



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## DE WITT'S PILLS

For Kidney and Bladder Troubles



"I'll bet you A FIVER."

said the old engine-driver. "I've caught that dread plague, influenza; it's painful to suffer, and though an old buffer, I've no wish to come to an end, sir. It makes my hair bristle as I hear my 'tubes' whistle.

And I'll give you some 'points', as I ease my old joints, I must look for a safe-guard, that's sure,

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure  
For Influenza Colds.

## Three Months To Remember

Continued from page 9

QUINN sighed at the thought. "All right. You win. You can outrun me."

Nancy looked disappointed. She said, "Are you getting hungry, Tim?"

"Sure," Quinn said. "Now, where did we eat when you loved me true?"

Nancy smiled and then lost the smile. She said, "Across the river. You were quite the playboy. You knew all the places."

They sat at a small table in the Southern Sun early the next morning, after a round of all the places, and Nancy laughed happily.

"You're having more fun than you did before," she said.

"I am?" Quinn asked.

"This is good for you," Nancy said. "Have you remembered anything more?"

"Not exactly," Quinn said. "Maybe it'll take two or three more visits to jar me loose. With you along, of course."

Nancy said, "Of—of course, I think we'd better go home, Tim."

They went home. At the front door Quinn leaned forward and checked himself three inches from her mouth. She wasn't backing away, either, Quinn noticed. He said good-night and drove slowly to the hotel.

Jane was waiting for Quinn the next afternoon. Nancy was dressing, and Jane patted the couch and eyed Quinn auspiciously.

"Out pretty late last night, weren't you?" Jane said.

"Remembering things," Quinn said. "Remember?"

"Tim," Jane said. "I want to talk seriously. She still loves you. It's all over her face. She won't admit it, but she does. She read your letters over again this morning when she came home. She thought I was asleep. I saw her."

"Good letters, huh?" Quinn said.

"Everything is mixed up," Jane said dramatically. "Now Freddie has squirmed around and moved in."

Quinn said, "You mean—"

"She'll accept him any day," Jane said solemnly. "He's wearing her down."

"She's probably stringing him along," Quinn said.

"I hope so," Jane said. "Gosh, how she did love you."

"Honest, in-jun?" Quinn asked.

"Honest," Jane said. "We all thought you'd marry her before you went over, but I guess you thought that was foolish."

"Maybe I should have," Quinn said. "And now, here she comes. Take a powder."

Nancy wore green and looked cool and distant. Quinn shook hands and wondered if that wasn't foolish, and Nancy suggested they drive to the fort and see if Quinn could remember some of his old stamping grounds. So they drove to Camp Burns and probed over everything, and nothing returned to Quinn.

"It will come back," Nancy said. She had a vague sheen of desperate worry in her eyes. "We've only begun to see the things you knew before."

"You're a brave gal," Quinn said. "This isn't much fun for you."

"I'll be the judge of that," Nancy said.

"What about Freddie?" Quinn asked.

Nancy said, "Freddie understands. I explained it to him."

"With words?" Quinn said. "Or with a club?"

"He really is quite brilliant," Nancy said. "When you get to know him."

"No time," Quinn said. "I can't stay that long."

In the next seven days Quinn and Nancy saw everything they had seen together in the past, and each night he sat in his hotel room and reviewed the day's events. He had wisely refrained from mentioning,

in any manner, the ten thousand dollars. He did not think the time was ripe yet.

The seventh day of Quinn's stay found him on the verandah in early evening twilight, eyeing Nancy thoughtfully. He said, "How come you fell in love with me? From a scientific standpoint. I want to discover what I've lost in the way of glamor."

Nancy laughed softly. "Oh, you were crazy. You did foolish things and sent me all kinds of silly presents."

"Like what?" Quinn asked.

"I can't remember all of them," Nancy said. "But they were different."

"Have I changed?" Quinn asked.

"Not much. A little, yes, but not a great deal."

"Did you really love me then?" Quinn said.

"I did," Nancy said quietly. "I loved you very much."

"I'm sure I felt the same way," Quinn said. "And I'll bet it didn't take me long to spill the beans."

"No," Nancy said. "You told me seven days after we met."

"A hot-shot operator," Quinn



grinned. "And this was on the seventh night?"

"Yes."

"This is the seventh night this time," Quinn said casually. "In case you haven't counted the days."

"Why, it is, isn't it?" Nancy said, with elaborate offhandedness.

They sat wordlessly for a few breaths. The night around them was still and very dark. Quinn thought, make it good, really good.

"I'm leaving to-morrow," Quinn said.

"What?" Nancy said. "Do you have to go so soon?"

"If I don't," Quinn said, "Freddie may shoot me."

"Don't talk like that," Nancy said in a small voice.

"I want to tell you something," Quinn said. "Here goes, ready or not."

"Tim. Don't tell me anything."

"Shut up," Quinn said gently. "Nancy, I—"

Stop, Quinn said to Quinn, this isn't what you planned. Are you mad man? Mad?

I guess so, Quinn answered sheepishly.

"I love you," Quinn said. "I want you to marry me."

"No," Nancy said softly. "No, Tim."

"I know what you're thinking," Quinn said. "I know you think I'm saying I love you because I feel bad about making you unhappy. You think I'm hoping you'll refuse my offer. But you just listen."

Nancy started to say something, but Quinn grabbed her shoulders and kissed her, and then held her face six inches below his nose.

He said firmly, "Whether I loved you back in the old days or not, I love you now. Scream, howl, bite, kick for all the good it'll do you. I came here to-night with something else in mind. It isn't important. I know that now. Money doesn't mean that much to me. Now you're going to marry me, and not because of years ago, so shut up!"

Quinn waited for her to slap him, cuss him, tell him off, do something. And then Nancy smiled and kissed him; and Quinn responded in kind, and tried to strangle her for about three minutes. Nancy finally stepped back and smiled.

"I believe you," she said, "and I know what you mean by the money, because I've wondered why you didn't mention it. I've never stopped loving you, Tim, but coming back a total stranger I wouldn't use the past as a club. I knew if it came to you again it had to come the right way and not by pity or force."

"It took me seven days," Quinn said. "That's long enough."

"I thought you'd go away," Nancy said unsteadily, "and leave me an old maid."

"And Freddie?" Quinn said.

"Stop it, Tim," Nancy said. "You didn't think—"

"No," Quinn said. "Now, go pack a bag and grab a toothbrush. We're getting married to-night, across the river. I still don't know why we didn't do it before I left."

"Tim," Nancy said, "sit here. I'll be right back."

Nancy ran into the house and Quinn stood in the verandah shadows and felt like doing a snake dance around the front lawn. Moments passed and the screen door opened and she stood beside him again.

"Come over here by the window light," Nancy said.

Quinn said, "What's that?"

Nancy handed him the stiff piece of paper. Quinn looked at the paper and felt as if something had just whacked him on the head and brought back everything.

"Huh," he said. "Our marriage licence!"

Nancy said, "We sneaked over a week before you left, Tim. We decided to keep it secret. I didn't dare tell you before. Oh, yes, and I've got the ten thousand you gave me. I put it in my account at the bank."

"Oh," Quinn said. "Did I have some money?"

"You were always careless about it," Nancy said. "I've even saved the interest, Tim. We can use it."

"Yes," Quinn said thickly. "I guess we can."

"Tim, you look shocked," Nancy said. "I know this is a surprise. Is there something you want to tell me?"

Quinn said to Quinn, You heel. Keep your big fat mouth shut. You didn't know you had ten grand, did you?

What ten grand? Quinn answered Quinn. You talking to me?

Quinn kissed her. He kissed her again. Quinn said, "Not a thing, darling. Just don't stand there. Start packing."

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## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM







Vicki

"LEE." New American design for a maternity suit. The material is a lightweight wool in shades of silver-grey, sage-green, saxe-blue, nigger-brown, and navy. Obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

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## Fashion FROCKS



Sandy



Lee

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## Dress Sense by Betty Keep

What to wear at night at snow resorts, the balance between height of heel and length of skirt, and a design for a bridesmaid's dress are among points discussed this week.

SEVERELY cut off - the shoulder evening frocks do not suit everyone, and the renovation sketched on this page may help several readers.

### Lace berthia

"I WISH to renovate a black satin evening dress, made with a full skirt, fitted waistline, and sleeveless bodice top, which comes just off the shoulder-line and is finished with a band of the material. I am rather a fluffy type, and the bodice is too tailored-looking to suit me."

Your dress would look feminine and elegant if you replace the band of self material at the shoulder-line with a berthia collar made of white lace. Choose a heavy lace and embroider it with black sequins and net. I don't mean you to embroider the lace too heavily, just pick out small pieces of the design and outline them with jet or sequins. I have had the berthia sketched.

### After-ski-ing clothes

"I AM off on a ski-ing holiday, but am undecided about indoor clothes. A friend who went to a ski-ing resort last season has advised me to wear a dirndl skirt and wool blouse. Would this outfit be suitable? I am not quite the dirndl type, but I suppose I could wear one."

A dirndl and a separate top would be a suitable outfit for after ski-ing, but don't imagine, as you apparently feel you are not the dirndl type, you must wear a dirndl. A pair of velvet slacks and a shirt or sweater is a smart alternative. You will find a pair of soft warm shoes a comfort to slip on when you come in from ski-ing. Sheepskin-lined moccasins would be perfect, or if you are a knitter you might knit yourself a pair of fancy "uppers" and sew them to a pair of soft leather soles.

### Height of heel

"IS it correct to wear a high or low heeled shoe with the longer hemline? I would also like to know what you consider to be the correct length for a day skirt."

A high-heeled shoe, the heel varying from 2in. to 3in., is the correct shoe for the longer hemline (beach and fireside are the only exceptions). The skirt lengths vary with the time



SKY-BLUE TAFFETA and violets - a dress for the bridesmaid who wants to cover her shoulders.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

of day, the proportions of the costume, and the proportions of the wearer. For day, the hem length should fall somewhere between 14in. and 12in. from the ground. For the cocktail hour the length can be about 12in. to 8in. from the ground.

### Violets for bridesmaid

"QUITE soon I am to be a bridesmaid, and I am having difficulty in choosing a style for my dress. I can't wear a low neckline because I have rather thin shoulders. Would you design a suitable style, and advise me about the material and color, head-dress, and flowers? I am 18 years of age, have a slim figure, blue eyes, creamy skin, and dark hair."

A dress made with a pannier-draped skirt and tightly buttoned bodice finished with a tiny turn-over collar and short sleeves would be enchanting for a bridesmaid. Choose taffeta for the material and sky-blue for the color. For the head-dress a halo of tightly clustered violets that ties in a bow at the chin would be attractive. Carry a posy of violets circled with green velvet leaves to match. Wear a pair of white kid wrist-length gloves, and white kid classic pumps with a slim, high heel.

### Peplum jacket

"I HAVE sufficient really nice dark brown rabbit skins to make a short fur jacket, and would like your help. I noticed one of the shops was featuring clipped rabbit skin



A LACE BERTHA, preferably embroidered in beads and sequins, softens the severe bodice of an evening gown.

coats, and wondered if I could have my skins treated in this way. I want the jacket to be smart and suitable to wear with afternoon dresses. I am 25 years of age, 5ft. 5in., and very slim."

I advise you to take your rabbit skins to an experienced furrier and ask his advice. Cutting and treating furs is a specialised job, and should only be undertaken by an expert. A little fur jacket designed with rounded shoulders, slim waist, and a very flared peplum would look new and smart with afternoon fashions.

Lanfayre individualises this afternoon frock with New Length and fashionable roll lapel - in glorious party Wondoflex Rayon Boucle



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COSTS 2/-  
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For Beauty!

*"Coverspot  
Conceals Blemishes"*



"ALWAYS dress the hair to frame your face" is sound advice for glamor.

## Brunette beauty . . .

• Brunettes have good points to be exploited and some difficulties to overcome in learning to present their dusky coloring adroitly.

WHILE the blonde strives for natural bloom, and concentrates on highlighting her coloring, the brunette may rather aim for interest by playing up the exotic qualities of her features.

High cheekbones, curving into flat, hollow cheeks, where they occur, are a particularly attractive basis for clever make-up.

One internationally famous model answering this description uses a thick layer of pancake make-up applied with a wet sponge, leaves her cheeks very pale, concentrating her color in lip and eye cosmetics—sometimes to match her costume jewellery.

Of course, one needs the nonchalance and poise of a noted model to get away with such spectacular grooming. In Australia the alert, active, sparkling brunette is more typical of our outdoors, and these suggestions are made for her.

Let's talk about eyes first. Lovely ones are of utmost importance, and a beauty feature that no woman can afford to neglect or permit to be uninteresting.

Brunettes are usually blessed with fine eyes, lustrous and generously lashed, needing little by way of make-up beyond a faint pencil line along the lids at the lash-root, and a flick of cream for shine.

The eyebrow line needs watching, though. Dark brows tend to bushiness, and stragglers are very noticeable. It's a good investment to have thick brows expertly shaped at the outset, and afterwards there is no hazard attached to keeping them neatly plucked.

It's true that some lucky people do have the brunette complexion that approximates money in texture and color; it is slightly oily, the surface veins well protected by nature against surface problems.

But others may have to face sallowness, open pores, and coarseness, and to keep that complexion clear and matt surfaced means constant care, and the use of a good pore cream at night, an astringent of some strength, refining face-packs occasionally, and hygiene always.

A nailbrush with soft bristles will perform an excellent face massage. First wash the skin, then make a fresh lather of complexion soap for face and neck. Now,

with the brush gently work the soap into the skin, stroking the brush round and round in widening circles. Work it up in gentle, tiny circles along the laughter lines beside your mouth, circle it quite firmly across forehead frown lines.

Next, massage the neck, remembering to draw the brush round in circles very gently. When the lather has been absorbed, softly brush away the shiny surface with tissue or cloth, and complete the treatment by dashing a little cold water on face and neck to make the skin glow and tingle. It's such a simple routine, but so effective.

Or, because of natural oiliness, brunettes may find the sides of the nose, the chin, or the forehead misery points. Pores should be invisible to the naked eye, and enlarged ones have to be dealt with. Soap and warm (not hot) water and a coarse cloth or complexion brush are primary tools.

Once or twice weekly a follow-up with a clean-up with a clean-up grain treatment. Those coarse little granules, moistened and massaged gently over the area, search out the last traces of grime in the external pore openings. Follow with lots of cold water and cold witch-hazel. Astringent and freshener are also permissible if they do not irritate the skin in any way.

For the average girl the hair may be a worry; either wiry and hard to manage, or sleek and oily.

Please, if you are a brunette, and dust doesn't show in your hair, don't allow a month or so to elapse without a clean-up: secretions of dust and perspiration clog the pores. A shampoo once a week, spirit tonic on the scalp every two or three nights, and much interim brushing for the oily scalp.

The shampoo is important, and the right one, no matter how long it takes to discover, will have a quick reaction; those with a henna base are harmless and are wonderfully effective in coaxing out beauty.

For greasy hair, let the last rinsing water be very cold; the shock of this will do much to contract the pores and make them function more normally, so that they exude less natural oil.

More wiry locks probably need less specialised attention, though just as much routine care. Remembering that the contrast of dark hair against the skin is a glamor asset, choose styles that reveal the hairline.

By **CAROLYN EARLE,**  
Our Beauty Expert



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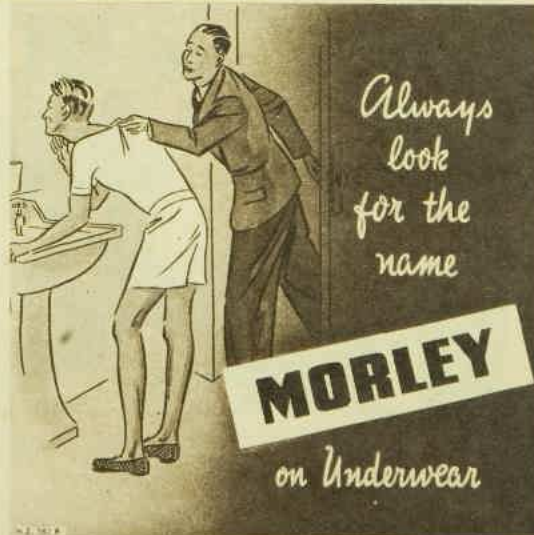
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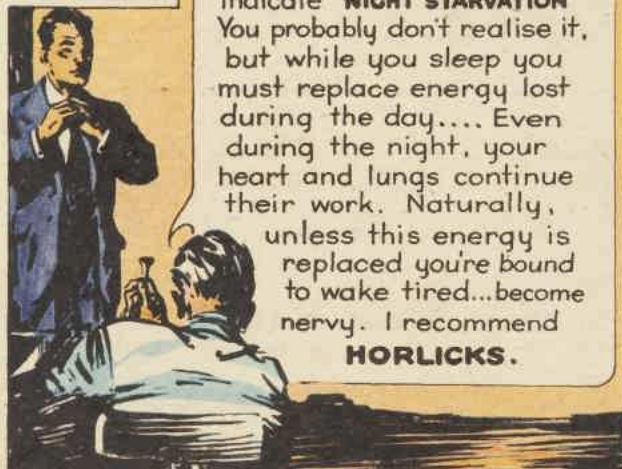
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- ✓ MINERAL SALTS
- ✓ CALCIUM

\* Made with milk

**HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION**



# Oranges AND Lemons

By  
Our Food  
and  
Cookery Experts

**CITRUS** fruits—oranges and lemons, grapefruit, and mandarins—are rich in Vitamin C and in essential minerals.

Recipes on this page will give you ideas for making full use of orange and lemon supplies.

## ORANGE NUT CAKES

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, chopped nuts and wedges of orange to garnish.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and orange rind until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spoon into greased muffin tins, bake 10 to 12 minutes in hot oven (450deg. F.). Turn on to cake cooler. When cold brush sides lightly with heated honey and orange juice, toss in chopped nuts. Slit tops and insert thin orange wedge.

## ORANGE, APPLE, AND ONION SALAD

Two red-skinned apples, 2 white onions, 2 oranges, shredded uncooked cabbage, mayonnaise, celery curls, lemon juice.

Wash and dry apples and oranges, peel onions. Cut into slices, using stainless knife.

Remove cores from apple slices, drench with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Arrange alternate overlapping slices of apple, onion, and orange on serving platter. Toss shredded cabbage lightly with mayonnaise, heap in centre of platter. Garnish with celery curls. Serve with any sliced cold meat (particularly good with veal) or poultry.

## ORANGE DOUGHNUTS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 heaped teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, castor sugar, orange sections.

Sift flour, salt, and spice; add orange rind. Beat egg and sugar well together, add orange juice and melted shortening. Stir into dry ingredients alternately with milk making a dough sufficiently firm to handle. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to 1in. thickness. Cut with floured cutter, using a small cutter to remove centre piece. Drop into deep, fuming fat; cook 3 or 4 minutes, turning once or twice. Drain on clean kitchen paper, toss well in castor sugar. Serve garnished with orange sections. Makes approximately one dozen doughnuts.

## CREAMED FISH AND CELERY IN ORANGE CASES

Three medium-sized oranges, 1½ cups white sauce, 1½ cups cooked flaked fish (fresh or tinned), salt and cayenne pepper to taste, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 cup very finely diced celery, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, lemon wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Wash and dry oranges, cut in halves. Carefully scoop out pulp

(reserving for fruit salad) and as much white pith as possible. Place cases in salted water, simmer gently 15 minutes without breaking. Invert on flat plate to drain. Combine sauce, fish, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, and celery. Fill into orange cases arranged on oven tray. Top with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven until filling is thoroughly heated and cheese melted and lightly browned. Serve hot, garnished with lemon wedges and parsley. Melba toast or thin dry toast fingers or rolled brown bread and butter may be served with the fish.

## CANDIED LEMON PEEL

Lemon peel, salt, water, sugar.

Remove all pulp from squeezed lemon halves; cut into quarters, thin strips 1in. long, or leave in halves. Cover with salted water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water), stand overnight. Rinse in cold water, drain thoroughly. Cover with fresh cold water, simmer until quite tender; change water 2 or 3 times to remove bitter flavour. Drain. Prepare sufficient syrup to barely cover quantity of peel, allowing 2 cups sugar to 1 cup water. Place peel in syrup, cook gently until peel is clear. Drain from syrup, roll in sugar, spread to dry. When thoroughly dry store in screw-top jars. Same method may be used for orange peel.

**THE DELICIOUS FLAVOR** of orange rind or juice predominates in the dishes illustrated above: Orange nut cakes; orange, apple, and onion salad; creamed fish in orange cases; and orange doughnuts.

## CITRUS PUNCH

One cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup pineapple or apple juice, 1 cup freshly made, strong, strained tea, 4 cups water, 1 cup sugar, water-thin orange slices and mint sprigs to garnish, ginger ale.

Strain and mix fruit juices. Add sugar, tea, water. Chill. Just before serving add crushed ice, dilute with ginger ale and serve garnished with orange slices and mint.

## LEMON MARMALADE

One pound lemons, 3 pints hot water, 3lb. sugar.

Wash lemons, slice thinly. Place in large bowl, add hot water, stand 48 hours. Take out 1½ pints of the water, replace with 2 pints fresh cold water. Place in preserving pan, bring to boil, cook steadily 1 hour or until rind of lemons is quite tender. Gradually add warmed sugar. Cook quickly until mixture "jells" when tested on cold saucer. Bottle into clean, dry, heated jars; seal and label when cold.

## Uses for citrus fruits

● Use lemon juice in uncooked salad dressing, or in place of vinegar in mint sauce or mayonnaise.

● For the uncooked dressing thoroughly mix ½ cup lemon juice with 2 egg-yolks, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, and a squeeze of onion juice.

● Add a few drops of lemon juice—but only a few—to the cooking water for old potatoes to help preserve whiteness.

● A sprinkling of lemon juice on spinach or shredded cabbage just before serving brings out best flavor in both vegetables.

● A squeeze of lemon juice on lamb or veal chops before grilling develops flavor and helps to make the meat tender.

● The juice of a lemon in a large glass of unsweetened hot water is a fine palate cleanser first thing in the morning. Good for the complexion; some say for slimming, too!

● And, of course, the old trick: Squeezing lemon juice over cut bananas and apples for fruit salad to prevent discoloration.

● Orange slices dusted lightly with brown sugar and heated under grill are delicious "with crumbed veal steak."

● Serve diced grapefruit sections and shredded cabbage with cold roast veal.

● Spread orange slices with softened cream cheese, top with diced celery, chopped parsley, and use in salads.

## CITRUS FRUIT RIND

● A hint of grated lemon rind improves flavor of savory sauces or casseroles, especially with white meats . . . all stuffing, particularly for veal or fish . . . fish batter and fish cakes.

● Try grated orange rind in cakes, scones, tea-cakes, nut or fruit rolls, sweet pastries; grated lemon rind in savory pastries.





## TO MAKE THE MOST OF LUNCH

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ingredients in handy cube form

**HOT OXO**

**A BEEFY DRINK MADE IN A MOMENT**  
Simply add hot water!

**OXO CUBE**

O. 11. 6



A SMALL quantity of fish can be extended by rolling small fillets and baking in tomato cases. Lemon juice squeezed over the fish and a topping of grated cheese add to the flavor. See prize-winning recipe.

## Easy-to-make dishes

HERE are this week's prize-winning recipes from readers. Tested by our cookery experts, they are sound in proportion, easy to make, delicious to eat.

Have you sent in your favorite recipe? Cash prizes are awarded each week for good home-tested recipes from readers.

Simply write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only; make sure full name and address (including State) are on each page.

### STEAMED FISH IN TOMATO CASES

Four small fillets bream or whiting, 4 large tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, salt, pepper, lemon juice, lemon wedges and parsley to garnish.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a slice from top of each, scoop out half the pulp. Dust inside of case with pepper and salt. Wash and dry fillets, season with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Roll up, secure with cocktail stick or sharpened match. Place a rolled fillet in each tomato cup. Dot with butter or margarine, sprinkle with cheese. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes until tomatoes are soft and fish white and flaky. Serve on hot dish, garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Cameron, 32 Kings Rd., Five Dock, N.S.W.

### GOLDEN APPLE ROLL

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, milk, 1 1/2 cups cooked apple pulp (drained free from syrup), 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Syrup: Two tablespoons golden syrup, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup boiling water.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar, add beaten egg, mixing well. Fold in sifted flour and salt and sufficient milk to make a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, roll to 1/4 in. thickness. Spread evenly with cold apple pulp to within 1/4 in. of edge. Sprinkle with nutmeg, cinnamon, and lemon rind. Moisten edges, roll up, press-

ing ends well together. Place in greased ovenware dish. Dissolve golden syrup and sugar in boiling water, add lemon juice. Pour over and around roll. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Eldersfield, Burnt St., Nunawading, Vic.

### SAVORY CHEESE CUSTARD

Two cups milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, pinch nutmeg, 2 eggs, grilled bacon rolls, parsley to garnish.

Warm milk and butter until butter is melted. Pour on to crumbs and cheese. Add salt, cayenne, nutmeg, beaten egg-yolks. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish, stand in pan of water. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes until set and lightly browned. Serve garnished with grilled bacon rolls and parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Locke, Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

### SAVORY LUNCH-BOX SLICE

Pasty: Eight ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. margarine or good clean fat, scant 1 cup milk.

Filling: One pound sausage meat, 2 tart apples, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or more if desired), salt and pepper to taste.

Mix unsifted wholemeal flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Divide into two portions, roll each to fit greased slab-tin. Line tin with one portion. Prepare filling. Peel, core, and dice apples, mix with all other ingredients. Spread over pastry in tin; moisten edges, place remaining pastry over top. Press edges well together. Slit top in two or three places to allow steam to escape. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, cook a further 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to become quite cold before cutting into squares.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Bunte, Flat 1, 34 Howitt St., South Yarra, Vic.

SAVORY CHEESE custard is a delicious and appetising entree; served with baked tomato halves and rolled bread and butter, it makes a satisfying main dish for luncheon. See prize-winning recipe above.



SN.5.6



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**LIGHTEST, CRISPEST,  
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## WHAT DO YOU MEAN "Dumb" ANIMALS?



THE DOG  
saves a bone

THE BEE  
collects honey



THE BEAR  
stores up fat

THE CAMEL  
carries water



THE SQUIRREL  
builds a reserve  
of nuts

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P.S. For the first time since before the war Eveready Flashlights are again on sale.

Look for the dateline...



VIEW of "Top Meadow," attractive North Shore line home of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Klippell, Wahroonga, N.S.W. Roof and shutters of main building, and of wing with maid's room and garage, are turquoise-blue. Awnings of western side of home and garden furniture are blue-and-white.

● In refurbishing her home at Wahroonga, N.S.W., Mrs. D. A. Klippell used dramatically patterned fabrics with charming effect... Glimpses of the blue-and-white exterior of "Top Meadow" and of the lounge, dining area, and bedrooms are shown on these pages.

## Urgent winter tasks

NOW that winter is here and outdoor working not always a pleasant job, go over the lawn-mower, giving gears and ratchets a thorough clean up. Oil thoroughly and set the cutting plate closely. If the blades need sharpening, see that it is done before spring arrives again.

And go over the lawns themselves. Cut out all weeds of a perennial nature with a long-bladed, sharp knife. Keep down clover and trefoils by dusting the plants with well-powdered sulphate of ammonia. Leave it on for 24 hours before watering.

Keep down all winter weeds such as petty spurge, chickweed, and winter grass in the flower beds and vegetable garden. Never let this stuff go to seed. Hoe them all in while they are very small.

Set out more onion seedlings this month, also potatoes, lettuce, spinach, silver beet, beetroots, and sow broad beans. Seedlings of cabbage, broccoli, and kohlrabi can also be set out this month. If making an asparagus bed—do it before the end of July.—Our Home Gardener.



SECTION shows front entrance to "Top Meadow." House constructed of white-painted weatherboard and scored brick.

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**FORD PILLS**





FABRICS used in this room repeat colors in painting above the fireplace, of *Lavender Bay*, at sunset. Carpet is soft grey-blue; walls, deep cream. Blue lacquered shelf above fireplace.



DAUGHTER Diane's room has pink walls and amethyst-toned carpet, with chintz hangings in rose, blue, lemon, and green tonings on a creamy background.



DINING-AREA: Deep ivory built-in sideboard is surmounted by an unusual mirrored alcove with glass shelves. Table and chairs are cedar. Chairs are upholstered in blues and fawns. Floor-rug matches that of lounge.



LOW, built-in cocktail bar, glass-topped, separates dining-area from lounge. Bar is painted a deep ivory.

### Pre-natal knowledge

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A YOUNG mother-to-be has more confidence if the warning signs of the approaching birth of her baby are explained to her.

She can then co-operate more easily with the doctor and nurse.

A leaflet which gives this simple pre-natal knowledge is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped and addressed envelope is forwarded.



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There is nothing so beautiful under the wide Australian skies as a field of tall, shimmering wheat; and there is nothing so full of healthful nourishment as the golden goodness of that grain specially processed into appetising Vita-Weat. Prepared by special process, and baked by experienced bakers in Peek Frean's modern factory, Vita-Weat keeps the sun-ripened flavour and the goodness of the whole-wheat. Make delicious Vita-Weat your daily crispbread; you will find it nourishing and non-fattening.

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Health and slenderness go hand-in-hand when you make Vita-Weat your daily Crispbread. Nourishing, sustaining, yet non-fattening, Vita-Weat keeps you slim and fit.



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neglect



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\* (Pains in muscles, hands,  
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and joints.)

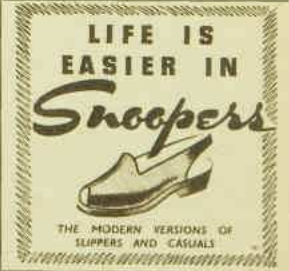
If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing pains in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms and legs, due to Fibrositis, you should do these 3 things to relieve your troubles: 1. Rest the affected part. 2. Use heat applications for temporary relief. 3. Take Romind at mealtime.

Romind is the recently developed formula of an American scientist, and is now available in Australia at all chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which devitalize your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints.

Because of its three-way action Romind gives quick and positive results and is so successful that you are asked to try it under the guarantee that it must relieve your pain to your complete satisfaction or your money back on return of empty flask. Get Romind from your chemist today.

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1/3 Cake. All Chemists.  
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The Australian Women's Weekly — July 10, 1948

